SELF-DENIAL is the grand attestation of true Christianity, and self-seeking is the supreme witness to the devil's handiwork. —THE COMMANDANT.

A RELIGION without sacrifice is like the Gospel without the Cross. —MRS H. H. BOOTH.

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. XI. No. 7. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, NOV. 17, 1894. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

A FATHER'S FEARLESS SACRIFICE.—*See page 2.*

Satan knew what was the secret of the success of the early disciples. It was their whole-hearted devotion, their absorbing love to Christ. Their's was an enthusiastic religion that swallowed them up and made them willing to become wanderers on the face of the earth.—MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

THE SELF-SACRIFICE

— OF A —

Father for His Children.

CHARGING THROUGH THE SCORCHING FLAMES HE SAVES HIS BABY.

He Hears the Heart-Rending Cries of His Little Boys in Vain—He is Powerless to help Them.

Do You Applaud his Reckless Courage?—Then How will You Deny Yourself to Rescue those who are Sinking down to the Quenchless Fire of Sin's Remorse?

(New York Herald, Oct. 23rd, '94.)

PASTOR TAYLOR is the son of the Rev. William Taylor, Bishop of Africa, and his home was at South Nyack, high in the the mountains.

There were six other children there, besides the three-year old babe, including little Schults.

The family retired early. Mrs. Taylor was awakened by

A Crackling Noise,

and saw flames bursting through the walls of the room.

She was so weak with terror that she could make no outcry, but desperation gave her weak frame new strength and she almost pulled her sleeping husband to his feet.

The room was so full of smoke as to almost blind and bewilder them, but they staggered out into the air almost overcome.

The dry wood-work of the house burned with rapidity, and they saw that nothing could save the structure. They stood dazed for a moment, and then, sounding plaintively above the roar of the fire came the cry of

"Baby, Baby!"

Then the mother's voice came to her, and hardly had she spoken than her husband dashed into the house again. The lower portion was all ablaze now, and as he reached the door a gust of flames sent him staggering backwards, singeing his hair and clothing. He recovered his breath, and in an instant had shot through the blazing framework into the room.

Pastor Taylor cannot tell how he found the little one in that smoke that made sight useless and the heat that twice nearly brought him down helpless to the floor. But the baby was found, and wrapping his coat around it he passed out to the open again. As Mr. Taylor placed the baby in its mother's arms he realized that he was helpless to aid the other children.

Stewart and William, on the third floor, first

Appeared at the Window

of the third floor. Stewart boldly jumped to the ground and landed uninjured. William reached out, and grasping a board, slid down to safety.

Then the four children were heard on the second floor, and their crys were most heart-rending.

Schultz and Arthur appeared at the window. Their little sisters must have then become overcome by smoke.

"Jump! Jump!" cried the father to the boys.

Perhaps they were held there by terror, for they made no movement, but with drawn white faces looked out, while the smoke poured up from behind them.

"Jump!" gasped the mother, and her voice was like a whisper.

Now the children at the window were blotted out by smoke, and as the wind blew it away

Their Faces were still There,

whiter still, a fixed appeal in their eyes. The smoke that rolled over them from behind began to glow. Then sparks, in dancing, blazing points, began to come in twos and threes, and then fitful, whirling gusts.

The helpless spectators who stood there fascinated by the horror of it all, knew well what this meant.

But still the two little fellows up there never flinched.

Then the end came. The sparks were more numerous, and the boys' heads began slowly to sink down steadily lower and lower.

Schultz' chin had just reached the sill when he cried:

"Good-bye!

Good-Bye, Papa!"

Then the sinking motion seemed to cease just for an instant, and the two faces shot abruptly downward out of sight.

Where they had been a moment before a great cloud of sparks, raised by the falling floor, was belched from the window.

"Oh, the bitter cries and the longing eyes
That we daily hear and see!
For our love they plead, and our help they need.
Shall we saviours of the lost ones be?"

Dresden.—God in our midst, and four souls saved.—Ensign LEE and Lieut. DOVER.

Carleton — Backsliders are crying for mercy. Two have come to God this week.—Capt. CURRY.

Newcastle, N.B.—Successful bean supper. Farewell visit from Ensign and Mrs. Bradley.—SECRETARY.

Wallaceburg.—One soul has found the Saviour. Crowds good. Looking for mighty revival.—Capt. DEAN.

Waterloo. — Fair attendance and collections; good interest at each brigade in the circle.—Capt. MOODIE.

Springhill Mines. — Visit from Captain Andrews. Yesterday, one sister yielded all to God.—Capt. PRINCE.

Tilt Cove.—Been toiling hard to hit our H. F. target. Struck it, and passed by.—Lieut. NOEL for Capt. BETHUNE.

Thedford.—Captain away to Parkhill for Sunday. Good time. Capt. McKeen resting here. Good crowds.—Lieut. CULBERT.

North Sydney.—Prisoners set free. Four got clean hearts. Another sinner at holiness meeting.—Lieut. BUTLER for Capt. BALDWIN.

West Toronto Junction. — Very good crowds and collections, better than for some time. People interested, too.—Cadet MOORE.

New Westminster—This past week we have seen seven souls for sanctification, and one backslider brought back.—Lieut. DAVIDSON.

North Sydney.—We opened our Jubilee Hall. Ten Newfoundland officers arrived. Two souls for the week.—J. H. SPARKS, Lieut., supplying.

Trenton.—Seven souls. We had with us the Naval Brigade. The meeting didn't close until twelve p.m. Ensign Scarr also paid us a visit.—Capt. BRINDLEY.

Richmond Street.—Glorious time Sunday. Major and Mrs. Complin and Adjutant Manton with us. The Major dealt earnestly with the people.—Sister ALLEN for Capt. WISEMAN.

Sussex, N.B.—A little band of real, whole-hearted, true soldiers. They have looked well after us temporally, and supplied us with all we needed.—Lieut. LAVERS for Capt. CAMPBELL.

Moose Jaw.—Saturday night each soldier and officer gave a reading from the dear old WAR CRY, which everybody seemed to enjoy. Two have asked to be prayed for.—Capt. SCOTT and Lieut. KEMP.

Selkirk—One of the comrades farewelled for Training Home. Several in the meeting badly convicted. One backslider returned on Friday, and carried flag on Saturday.—I. L. H.

Wingham—On the war path again. The old devil got a roasting. On Sunday, all day, from early morning till 10:30 at night, there was a shout in the camp. One soul.—Capt. COCKERILL and WIFE.

Ottawa.—Interesting, wonderful Sunday. Soldiers and officers divided into three brigades. No. 1 and 2, Praying Brigade; No. 3 Fishing Brigade. Outcome, two souls. Monday, two souls.—Lieut. HARRIS.

Chesley.—The devil is left to lament the loss of one of his followers. Training Home meeting, at which we gave a short sketch of our experience in the Garrison. Brother and Sister McBain said good-bye. Barracks full.—Lieut. HALEY for Capt. CRAWFORD.

Morrisburg. — Mother Gillard got the glory, and treated us to a nice little dance. Our week-old convert testified. Capt. Beckstead present at night.—ETTIE WHITTEKER.

P.S.—While CRY selling, an old gentleman said to us, "This is a noble WAR CRY this week; I have told all the ministers about it, and have urged them to read it."

Feversham Circle Corps. — Souls being saved, and good, sound soldiers made. What we get on the hook here we put in our own basket. Half-night of prayer, conducted by our D. O. Three souls Sunday. Enrolment to take place. We want nothing but Al material out here, none other need apply.—Capt. CARRUTHERS, Lieut. ROWE.

Bird Island Cove.—Ha, ha, you've missed it. Missed what? Why, the visit of our new D. O., Capt. Payne. Some enthusiastic person said if he'd meet the devil in hell he'd have a row with him on his own premises. Our comrade was not many pegs short. Enrolled three soldiers. Oh, do come again, Captain!—Lieut. THOMPSON.

Neepawa.—Our Charlie said that sanctification meant to him if the bailiff came tomorrow and took all he had and looked him up, he would shout "GLORY!" Brother Tommil said the vows he had made to God some years ago, though at times they cost him tears, he had kept them still. One soul sought salvation, and another came out to get more fire.—Capt. HEWITT.

Montreal—Since the General has been in Montreal, a glorious work has been going on, and many souls coming. Some fifteen have claimed the victory through the Blood.

One of our dear Army friends have passed away. Mrs. Stephens has been a regular attendant at the meetings for years. She died rejoicing. We held a memorial service Sunday night, and had a most impressive time. Five souls came out.

Morrisburg.—After the meeting closed, a poor backslider wept his way to the Cross. As the Captain urged him to renounce every idol, he took from his pocket a dirty old pipe and some tobacco and placed them on the penitent-form. Captain burned them, and the young man went away rejoicing.—ETTIE WHITTEKER.

Bracebridge District.—Souls, souls, souls, at each corps.

Change of officers. Capt. Richmond and Lieut. Legg have taken Huntsville by storm.

Capt. and Mrs. McClelland are at Gravenhurst. As for the outpost, called Sparrow Lake, they take the Captain just as he is, and souls are getting saved.

A soldier on the way *walked* from Toronto and found work. A proper blood-and-fire soldier.

Bracebridge had a storm. Barracks came down in a hurry. Had to be taken in pieces. Though we have no barracks, souls are getting saved. Any one having a few cents or dollars to spare or give away, please forward them to Ensign Dowell, box 23, Bracebridge.—Ensign DOWELL.

Channel, Nfld.—After having a hard old time from St. Johns to Burin on the "Glad Tidings," we took the "St. Peire" for Channel. Two souls have knelt at the Cross. The people of Channel love the Army. They come along and pack our little barracks until we have to shut the doors and shut them out. The thing that we want here is a large barracks.—Capt. COOPER.

Edmonton.—I am so thankful that I can write a few lines for the CRY, as I am one of its frequent readers, and often get wonderfully blessed and enlightened. I do pray that God will back it home to the hearts of the unsaved. Dear brother or sister, if, like me, you have not the privilege of attending your corps, you can have the WAR CRY sent to you, which will do you good.—A SOLDIER.

Acadia Mines.—The great iron works that used to employ hundreds of men here is shut down, causing things to be hard more than one way. Hopes of work soon starting again. Real friends here; also up Westchester mountains, where we hold blessed meetings. One farmer preparing for Salvationists this winter by getting a barrel of flour and one of apples for their special benefit. They welcome the Army with open arms up there.—Capt. LORIMER.

Trenton.—Blessed meetings; CRYS all sold. A brother offered us all the wood we want for the winter, if we'll go and cut it. Of course we will. It is eight miles out in the country. Got the lend of a team of horses and a wagon, saw and axes, and we went out and brought in a good big load. Although the horses backed on every hill, yet we got home about 8 p.m., being away since 6 p.m. in the morning. His grace was sufficient.—Capt. BRINDLEY.

Trenton.—Had the privilege of hearing the General at Belleville. Something like fifty people went from here, by rigs and by train, to get a glimpse of the great organizer. The Naval Brigade has paid us another visit. One cadet testified that it wasn't a head-knowledge that he had of Christ, but a heart-knowledge. Captain and Mrs. Larter have been here. Everybody pleased to see them.—Capt. W. BRINDLEY.

Yarmouth.—Ensign and Mrs. Gage have said good-bye, after a stay of eighteen months, during which time they have endeared themselves to many. Hearty expressions of appreciation, mingled with those of regret at their leaving. Their farewell words were earnest and pathetic. One soul came to God. Another on Monday. Tuesday, a farewell tea. As they did not leave until Thursday, a half-night of prayer was held. Ensign DeBrissy, Capt. Pitman, and a cadet, arrived last night.—AUXILIARY 94.

Springhill District.—PUGWASH.—The barracks, inside and out, is resplendent with new paint. Thanks to Capt. Taylor and a number of the soldiers. Capt. Hopkins and Lieut. Goodwin have taken up the reins. Unfortunately the Captain met with an accident; she stepped on a rusty nail, in consequence of which she is taking a few days enforced rest.

TRURO has had the honor of a visit from our beloved General. Got out a splendid banner, representing the district. A few souls are being saved.

PARRSBORO has changed officers. Captain Facey and wife farewelled. These officers, and a few of the "faithful" have fought bravely this past summer against great odds.. Capt. Green and Lieut. Fraser report WAR CRYS sold out on Saturday. One soul saved.

ACADIA MINES is under new management, Capt. Lorimer having succeeded Capt. Bowering. This is a difficult post, because of the financial distress. Many of our soldiers and friends have to find work elsewhere. During the last change the corps was left for a week or more without officers. One of our soldiers, Mrs. Scott, on visiting the post office, and seeing the WAR CRYS lying there, thought it too bad, and resolved on getting them out and making an effort to sell them. Result, I have to hand from her a P. O. M. order in full for the two weeks' CRYS. More of this kind of soldiers will count.

SPRINGHILL MINES.—This is the home corps, and its joys and sorrows are legion. Scarcity of work in the mines, resulting in a scarcity of funds. A visit from Ensigns Bradley and Watson. Our old comrades, Sect. Cameron and Jim Miller, who have spent the summer in Cape Breton, came home, and gave a good account. We had hoped they would be able to remain with us, but instead they returned with their families.

Mrs. Creighton and Wilfred have been on rest. Capt. Prince is getting a move on with the CRYS. We officers have been to the General's meetings and councils in St. John. Since our return five penitents have come forward.—Ensign CRIGHTON.

THE GENERAL AT NEW YORK.

TWENTY-ONE REPORTERS.

Our General's reception in New York has been colossal in dimensions, and enthusiastic to a white-heated degree.

The *Herald* and the *Tribune* contained long accounts of the reception and demonstrations attendant. So interested in General Booth are the pressmen of the great American city, that it is said twenty-one reporters interviewed him.

THE GREATEST OF ALL OPEN-AIRS.

The first big thing on our American comrades' program was the mass open-air meeting at Union Square, the biggest open-air meeting ever conducted by the Army on the American continent, and probably the biggest crowd ever got together in America to meet a religious leader.

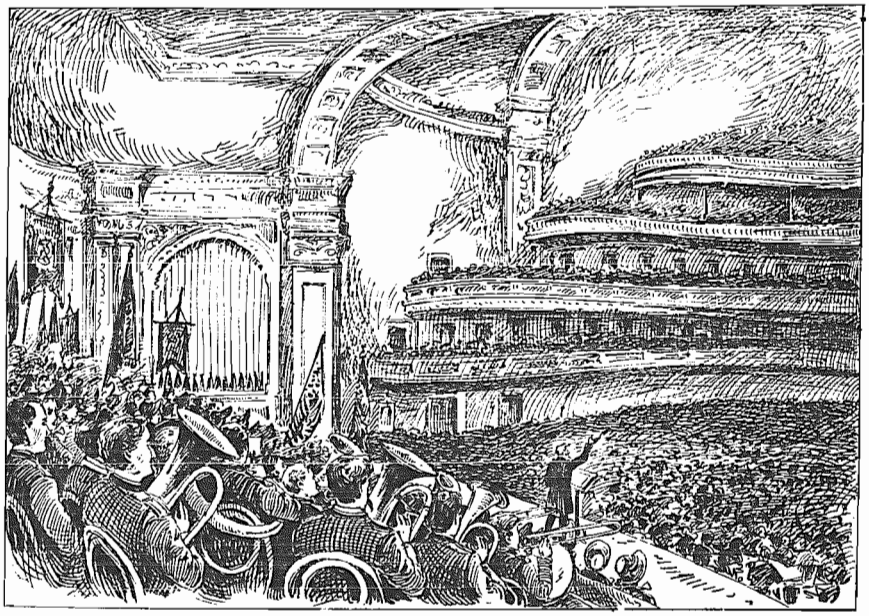
The combined bands formed a sort of musical cordon around the stand upon which the General was soon to appear.

Their music and marching had picked up great crowds, too, each stream emptying itself into the great ocean of humanity already at high tide for several blocks around.

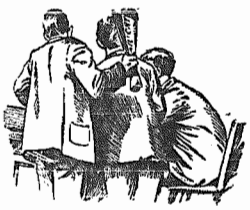
There were countless banners and torches fluttering and flaming over the heads of the swaying multitudes like sails and beacon lights on a wide sea. Besides these, the electric and calcium lights most beautifully illuminated things in the immediate vicinity of the grand stand.

At 6:30, the General mounted the steps and stood before the waiting throng. There was a regular "crash" of welcome. Such a screaming, shrieking, shouting, yelling, and belching of noise and sound had scarcely ever before been heard on Manhattan Island. The Commander couldn't silence it; then the General tried his hand. He saluted, bowed, threw kisses, and held up his hands in pretended despair, but all to no avail, until the people shot off their enthusiasm, which had been so long pent up, to see their dearly beloved General.

When they calmed down, the General spoke.



THE GENERAL'S RECEPTION IN CARNEGIE HALL.



Occupants of a Box.

THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BROWN."

A somewhat slimly-built, sharp-featured, keen-eyed, pale-faced officer in full uniform stood inside the store at Albert Street. We looked enquiringly?

"Major Addie," said a voice. We gripped hands.

"Just from New York City?" I asked.

"Yes."

I delightedly received the promise of a visit to the Editor's den, for here was the chance of an eye-witnesses' account.

Major Addie is an enthusiast. In his own peculiarly emphasized way, he declared the New York go "*excellent!* GRAND! Everyone's expectations fully realized."

"Union Square, Major?"

"Tremendous! 10 000 people! A solid mass of living humanity, etc., etc. (Go ahead with adjectives, reader, the CRY has no space.)

"And Carnegie Hall?" we again queried.

THE CARNEGIE CRUSH!

"Jammed full, extra street cars specially run, all crowded. Excitement fever heat. The General was much worn, but the very sight was an inspiration; he looked like a prophet."

"You had Dr. Amory Bradford there?"

"Yes; he delivered a touching welcome."

Here's a newspaper quote:—

"Dr. Amory Bradford told how dear the General was to the hearts of Americans by reading an address to the General from the ministry of the city. The address was in part as follows:

"We desire to congratulate you and those associated with you that your life has been spared to lead the great forward movement in many lands, and to felicitate ourselves on the privilege of greeting you and of receiving from you words of inspiration and encouragement. We bear witness to the noble consecration of hosts who wear the uniform of the Army in our land, in the slums of our great cities, and among the neglected of all classes. We rejoice in all the good which you and your associates have been able to do for the submerged tenth in "Darkest England" and around the world. We cannot allow this opportunity to pass without bearing witness to our appreciation of the holy ministry, the saintly character and the eloquence of the companion who walked hand in hand with you for so many years, and aided you in so many toils and labors. We may not greet her in bodily presence on this occasion, but we do greet her, thank her, and rejoice with her in the spirit."

"The address from the ministers bore the signatures of Thomas S. Hastings, C. H. Parkhurst, William E. Dodge, Morris K. Jesup, Francis Green, W. Jay Peck, David Burrill, Abraham J. Palmer, and Samuel S. Marples."

Then came the presentation of a beautiful address to the General, done in Army colors on parchment and heavily framed, in which occurs the following:—

"Beloved General, from the Silvery East to the Golden West, from the pine-clad hills of the North, to the sunny cotton fields of the South, we come on this Jubilee occasion to greet you with unfeigned pleasure, gratified to report to you that our God and your God has brought us through many and varied seasons of severe trial and difficulty, when our movement was despised by the community, maligned by unbelievers, and persecuted by bitter foes, to its present position of strength and advance.

"Dear General, we, your representative staff, on behalf of the 160 staff officers of the United States, on behalf of the nearly 2 000 commanding officers, the 2,600 local officers, and the 20,000 commissioned troops, loyally welcome you.

"We also assure you that our 2,600 auxiliaries, and the 16,000 000 persons attending our halls annually throughout the United States, hail you with heartfelt joy and satisfaction."

Commander Ballington Booth as Pictured in the 'New York Herald.'

Colonel Nicol.

"Your great Social meeting was a triumph, I understand?"

"My, wasn't it? The General had recruited his strength by then, and he 'got away.' His reception that night was a marvel. The Carnegie Hall was one mass of animated humanity from floor to ceiling. The Commander asked for a wave-off ring; the starting signal was a whistle. When the General and the Commander entered, the whole place went wild. They waved—and would not stop—the sight was entrancing; they shouted and hurrahed; it was a tornado of applause. Chauncey Depew, the chairman, is an orator of the first water. He made an elaborate address."

We cut from the *Tribune* the following:

"'What's the matter with our General?' was the cry which met the answering chorus, 'He's all right,' and Mr. Depew again looked embarrassed, and began to think he was in a political meeting. At length he got a chance to be heard, and, as chairman of the meeting, he said among other things:

"'General Booth, Ladies and Gentlemen: It has been my lot in my life to address every kind, condition, class and creed of men, and also of women, but I never felt near so happy as I do to-night. (Applause.) At present, so far as my public functions are concerned, outside of the business which engrosses me every day, my time is given to talking politics, but these audiences have not half the earnestness, nor a tithe of the enthusiasm which inspires everybody here to-night. (Applause.) In all the people of all walks of life whom I have welcomed to this country, there is no one to whom I give a heartier greeting on behalf of the American people, than to General Booth. (Prolonged applause.) When I first saw the Salvation Army, it was in an English city, and it had not yet reached America. I could not at first grasp the situation that these men could influence anybody but lunatics. When I saw drunken men join them, my first impression was, will they stick? And I was then informed that nine-tenths of

He Has Learnt to Respect the Drum.

those who were already in that procession, joined it in the first place just in the very same way. (Applause.) The churches do not reach the slums, and General Booth is doing what was attempted years ago. For the poor people that were outcasts before he came along, there was no guardian but the police, and no home but the cell. Your work, General Booth, is as dangerous and more benevolent than that of the missionary who penetrates into the heart of Africa. (Applause.) I have heard that if the Salvation Army was removed from London, it would take 5,000 more policemen to maintain order in that metropolis. (Renewed applause.)

"'We praise everybody in this age, but our praise is not always bestowed upon the most worthy. We bestow it sometimes upon beneficient humbugs, who attract our fancy during the passing hour. We yield ourselves up to enthusiasm for some political humbugs of the hour (applause)—there is nothing personal about that (laughter)—but Martin Luther, and General Booth deserve to be mentioned in one breath, because of the permanent and enduring good which they have accomplished

for the human race."' (Prolonged applause.)

The General, in response to the compliments showered upon him, said he had merely striven to do his duty.

The General spoke highly of the work that had been accomplished by the women, and to them attributed much of the success of the Army

"And so the General had liberty that night, Major Addie?"

"Yes. When he rose to follow Mr. Depew, he said: 'What is a man to do that follows the King?' but he soon showed us who was King He excelled himself entirely. He must have talked for two hours, during which time that immense audience was fascinated, and when he finished, everybody was sorry."

"$8 000 were realized?"

"Yes.'

"How did your day of Salvation at the Cooper Institute go off?"

"A. 1. The place was jammed full of people; there were about 200 seekers during the day. You should have heard Colonel Lawley at the prayer meeting. 'Fire a volley for the 24th, now for the 25th Everyone who is believing, fix bayonets, etc.' Johnny kept the pot boiling And the General, of course, he couldn't be still, he would get up every now and again, and chime in; he *couldn't* keep still, and did all the talking himself; in fact, he humorously referred to Edison's new invention, which is to test whether people are really as well as apparently dead before being buried, and, said the General, 'When I go you can bring me before a crowd of people, and if I do not talk to them, you may take me away and bury me. My silence will be proof enough.' I feel sure the demonstrations throughout were better than the General anticipated."

Colonel Lawley's latest despatch states: 350 seekers forward for salvation.

A Christian without Self-Denial is like a tree without fruit. Life lived for self is a life-failure, but a life spent in helping others is a life-victory.—MRS. H. H. BOOTH.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Lieut. Clara Hovercraft, to be Captain.
Lieut. Adam Lorimer, to be Captain.
Lieut. Bessie Grace, to be Captain.
Lieut. William Hide, to be Captain.
Lieut. Sarah Milson, to be Captain.
Cadet Laura Selig, to be Captain.
Cadet Richard Griffiths, of West Ontario Province Headquarters, to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

Capt. Hovercraft, to Leamington.
Capt. Lorimer, to Acadia Mines.
Capt Grace, to Parrsboro.
Capt Hide, to Richmond.
Capt. Milson, to Cape Cake.
Capt. Selig, to Charlottetown.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

Self-Denial is the triumph of love over selfishness; it is the luxury of giving, contrasted with the greed of getting.—THE COMMANDANT.

A CHALLENGE.

Ensign Coombes (through me) hereby challenges the Belleville District for Self-Denial.

OTTAWA v. BELLEVILLE.

This is three corps against five. Now, Ensign Wiseman, here's a challenge for you. What will you do with it?

BRIGADIER SCOTT.

— THE —

FIRST OF THE SERIES

— OF —

FRIDAY NIGHT

Holiness Meetings.

To judge from the expression of the faces of the people as they streamed into the hall, everybody was glad that the special Friday Night Holiness Meetings—of happy memory—had re-commenced.

There was a certain hush of expectancy, and that determination of faith which is invariably followed by a season of power and blessing

The Staff and the Field of the city were well represented, and at a quarter to eight the first keynote of thanksgiving and praise was sounded by the kneeling company.

From the commencement to the end, the audience—whether friends, or soldiery, or officers—seemed anxious to make the evening a divine success, by faith and prayer and testimony.

Adjt. Jones had just ceased playing) it is a comparatively useless thing of itself; a few pieces of wood, steel, iron, bone, etc, cleverly arranged, but when it is surrendered to the superior power of the person whose fingers run over the key board, what wonderful results are obtained. So with the picture, it is an illustration of the law of surrender—the brushes, paint, and canvas surrendered to the hand and genius of the painter. Even our city here is an illustration of the same law, man's brain and genius acting on dead stone has produced what we see around us, and so again the painter and the pianist are illustrations of the surrender of themselves to a still higher power—that of the master painter, or music teacher, whose genius and skill has been impressed on them, when they, as pupils, surrendered themselves to the higher influence of their teachers.

And what is the application for us to-night? Are we surrendered? Have we been obedient to God's voice? No amount of sacrifices can take the place of obedience. The bleating of the sheep and lowing of the cattle which sounded in Samuel's ears were the evidence of Saul's disobedience, and while you put anything in place of obedience to God your sacrifices can only sound to the Lord Jesus Christ as mockery. Give

COMMANDER AND MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH, OF NEW YORK.

After referring to the subjects upon which he had spoken at the previous Friday Night Holiness Meetings, the Commandant read from 1. Samuel xv and used the passage as the basis of an address on the law of surrender, or obedience.

The law of obedience is of more importance to God than anything else. God had a plan of life for Saul, and when Saul was little in his own eyes, that is, surrendered, God made him the head of the people, but his disobedience had made the Lord repent that He had blessed Saul. So God has a plan for each of us, but it is awfully possible for us to go astray from God's plan.

The path for some person present might be officership in the Army; if it were so, no other path would be acceptable to God, "Even though you tread it with prayers and tears and heart-ache." We all know the main track in which God wants us to go. Our knowledge should lead to surrender.

Without unswerving obedience to this law of surrender the world could not go on; it would stop short in twenty-four hours. The natural order of things around us is a continual illustration of the surrender of one set of forces to a superior law. To use a familiar object for illustration take that piano (pointing to the instrument which up the disputed point to-night, submit yourself to His higher power to-night, confess what a miserable apology for a Christian you are. You will never get from Christ what you want till you come to the altar, and putting that thing down, say to Him, "I know I'm a poor, miserable, hollow creature, my only hope is in Thee; make me from a coward to a soldier to-night."

Mrs. Booth commenced by singing in her own magnetic style,

"I'm the child of a King."

"I will sing that verse again," said Mrs. Booth, and again the words, filled with energy and emphasis, rang out:

"I once was an outcast, a stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice and an alien by birth;
But I've been adopted, my name's written down,
I'm heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown."

Then followed a series of pungent truths.

"God wants heart-service. What is the royal title without the royal heart? What is the royal heart? It is,

'A heart by blood made clean,
In deed and word, and thought.'

Have you a royal heart? God looks deeper down than the clothes we wear, or the words we sing; He looks to the secret recesses of the soul. Have we fully surrendered? Have we come to Him broken in spirit? It is broken spirits He wants. To be broken is hard; many refuse, and harden their hearts against the work of the Spirit in producing contrition.

"I have been struck with the story of Samson recently. (The Bible always seems new to me.) Samson met a lion, but the Spirit of the Lord made him so mighty that even the lion could not overcome him. How is it *you* cannot go up to the lions like Samson and kill them right away?

("Hallelujah!"—Interjection by Jimmy the bear-killer)

"Take the lion of bad temper. You can kill it right away if '*the Spirit of the Lord comes mightily*' *upon you* as it did upon Samson. I shall fight till I die, but I shall win. Samson never waited or flinched, but without a moment's hesitation when the Lord came upon him, he rushed at the lion and slew him, and '*he had nothing in his hand*'

"Are you killing the lions so? Oh, there are more lions yet—let us have a *good fight*. What wonderful people we would be if '*the Lord came mightily upon us?*' God looks, and is asking some of you the question He put to Solomon, 'What wilt thou that I should do for thee?' A clean heart is the only thing worth having for your need. He can give it. Will you come, confess your failings, and receive it?

Shunting Tracks for Self-Denial.

C. O. P. Changes.—Ensign Arkett, to Uxbridge; Ensign Myles, to St. Catharines; Ensign McAmmond, to Bowmanville; Ensign Hay, to Collingwood; Capt. Halpany and Lieut. Stephens, to Dovercourt; Capt. Hextable, to Omemee; Cadet-Capt. Scoboll, to Fenelon Falls; Capt. Wiseman, to Kimmount; Capt. McClenaghan, to Tyrono; Capt. Brooks, to Bowmanville to assist Capt. Banks; and Lieut. Butler, to Brampton; Capt. Tierney and Cadet Douthwaitho, to Stouffville; Capt. Crawford and Lieut. Rose, to Niagara Falls; Capt. Mountenay and Lieut. Goff, to Oshawa; Capt. Hardman and Lieut. Fisher, to Welland; Capt. Parker, to Uxbridge; Capt. Markle and wife, to Yorkville; Capt. and Mrs. Dyker, to Shelburne; Capt. White, to Temple; Capt. Jones, to Stroud.

What an opportunity Self-Denial brings of proving we are equal to our post!

To Arms! To Arms!

We are determined to make Self-Denial, 1894, eclipse all previous records.

I personally am glad Self-Denial Week is coming again, for the blessings I expect. I shall endeavor to have victory on every hand. Cheer, comrades, cheer.

ENSIGN TURNER.

LEAGUE OF MERCY.

"I was Sick and Ye Visited Me"—Truly this can be said of our Leagueisters, as they go from hospital to hospital, and ward to ward, distributing WAR CRYS, and praying with the sick, telling of the great Physician Who is healer of both body and soul.

Our visiting is not in vain. The WAR CRY is especially welcome to the sick. How eagerly they watch for them! One dear man happened not to get one, one week, and when our sisters brought him one the next week, he was so pleased, and said he had read the last WAR CRY over SIX TIMES.

In the Home of Incurables it is also the same. One brother, who has been a great sufferer, but who is a Christian, after we had prayed with him, with a smiling face exclaimed, "Oh, that does me so much good; how it refreshes my soul and helps me onward!" Another sister told us with tears, that although she was terribly afflicted, yet she was serving and glorifying God. She begged us to come again, and kissed our hands.

How they like us to sing the late Bandmaster Fry's song,

"He's the Lily of the Valley."

They never seem to get tired of that.

In the jail and Reformatory, God has blessed us, one woman telling us after our meeting with those in the jail how much she hated herself when she thought that it was drink that brought her there. She has professed conversion. May she have grace to keep her vow that she will never touch drink again.

Will our friends, who are interested in this grand work, kindly send us a few donations, or car tickets, which we are sadly in need of. Over 300 WAR CRYS are needed weekly for distribution among these places.

You cannot rob Christianity of Gethsemane, Golgotha, and Calvary.—THE COMMANDANT.

THE WEDDING

— OF —

Commissioner Lucy Booth

— AND —

COLONEL HELLBERG.

It was only ten, but Lynscott Road was alive with people, bent on witnessing the marriage of the General's youngest daughter. Long before eleven the spacious hall was a sea of faces. A brilliant sight it was—simple and yet beautiful. From pillar to pillar stretched papery festoons, the various colors blended in rainbow fashion. The Oriental canopy over the platform, with the vernacular and English mottoes round the walls helped to give a truly Eastern background to the scene.

As bride and bridegroom wended their way by opposite entrances to the platform to be received by the Chief of the Staff, and other members of the family and staff, a hearty welcome greeted them, and the vast hall presented a magnificent scene of enthusiasm.

The General's absence was made up for by the two letters which he had sent to be read before and after the ceremony.

With a few well-chosen words of commendation, the Chief then introduced the

Bride and Bridegroom.

CHIEF'S SPEECH.

"Before reading to you the General's letter, I may say that this marriage—this union—which we are about to consummate strikes me in two or three aspects as having an exceptionally important significance. I think this is, above almost any marriage I have ever had to do with, or any marriage I have ever heard of, essentially a soldier's union. (Volley.) My beloved sister, Commissioner Rahani—Commissioner Lucy Booth—is a fighting soldier of the Salvation Army. (Shouts of 'God bless her!') She enters upon this new walk and condition of life first and foremost in the interests of the kingdom of Christ, the salvation of souls and the progress of the work of God amongst the heathen nations of Asia. She comes to this morning's ceremony with these interests and these purposes uppermost in her heart. And for Col. Hellberg—('God bless him!')—I can say the same. I have known him now some seven or eight years myself, and during the past year or two especially have had opportunities of observing his labors in season and out of season, without regard to his own interests or his own comfort. I can say from my knowledge of them both that they come to this union this morning as

Good Soldiers of Jesus Christ.

(Volley.)

"I think, also, that this marriage has a remarkable aspect in that it is a union under the very shadow of the cross of Jesus. I use these words not merely in their spiritual—in what we are sometimes in danger of regarding them, in an ideal sense—but in a veritable and real and everyday meaning. When people are married, as a rule they look forward at any rate for a little time of rest and calm in the sweet seclusion of their home, and with some large measure of participation in each other's time and presence. These two officers, however, are being married this morning with no such prospects or expectations before them. Stretched before them are the deserts and the jungles of that wild and yet beautiful country to which they have consecrated their lives, and they are going forth, almost from this very hall, to take ship and away across the sea to live and, it may be, lay down their lives

For Christ's Sake and Those for Whom He Died.

"All I can say is that I glorify and praise God. I ask you also to praise God, and to join with me in saying 'Hallelujah!' (Shouts of 'Hallelujah!' from all parts of the hall.) God bless them both! Well, now, I hold in my hand a letter from the General which I think I ought to read to you without further delay. It is dated from Montreal, in Canada, and is addressed to the company present at the wedding ceremony of Commissioner Ruhani and Colonel Hellberg:

MONTREAL, Canada.

"'*My Dear Comrades and Friends,*—

"'I am sure your hearts will go out in earnest prayer that the union and all the consequences that flow out of it may be made to promote their highest happiness, the glory of our common Lord, and the advancement of the Salvation War.

"'Commissioner Ruhani is my youngest child. Concerning her future, my dear and sainted wife ever cherished an anxious and hopeful confidence, and could she have been present to-day, and been made acquainted with the position of influence held by her, and witnessed the ceremony which promises so much further happiness and usefulness, it must have been to her now glorified spirit a great delight. Let us hope that, if not a spectator, she will have some knowledge of what is transpiring, and in some way be able to join her thanksgivings and blessings with our own.

"'Her appointment to the Indian command, the terrible sickness there, which took her to the very gates of heaven, her marvellous recovery from the same, together with the blessings which have been given to her leadership, are all before the world. God has been with her. He has favored her with the love and confidence of many thousands in that intensely interesting country in the past, and I am believing that the new relations and responsibilities she assumes to-day, may all tend to increase and multiply her power for good in the future, in which feeling I am sure that you, my comrades, from the love you bear to the memory of her mother, will heartily join with me.

Clapton Congress Hall where the Wedding Took Place.

be. But I think my *example* will do more than my orders.'

"Now, I feel very much like that general this morning. I think that as far as ability and wisdom go, I am far, far behind very many others of my comrades. Yet I feel that by my example I can stand in the front place of the battle, and I can dare and do for God, if nothing else, I can be good. I can be an example of righteousness, of courage, of faith. I always call my country of India a country for FAITH. People are saved by faith, kept by faith, and go from earth to heaven by faith."

A HEATHEN CONGRESS.

Colonel Booth-Hellberg.

Colonel Hellberg, while not unknown to many here from his work in England, has been a good and true, and a capable officer in the Army for more than ten years, and is beloved and trusted as one of the pioneer leaders in Sweden, his native country. On his shoulders a large share of the burden of the War there rested for five years. I believe him to be a sound Salvationist, a genuine soldier of Jesus Christ, a hard toiler in the battlefield, and the possessor of those qualities that are likely to make him a faithful, affectionate, and considerate partner for my dear daughter.'"

In the remainder of the letter, the General sends his blessing, and speaks of his welcome in Canada.

On behalf of their heaven-promoted mother, the task of introducing the bride was intrusted to Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Tucker.

And then the bride stepped forward, greeted with a thundering welcome in the reddest-hottest Salvation Army style. It was in song she first appealed to every heart—a song, the words and music of which she had composed for the occasion.

Commissioner Ruhani, in a naive and graceful address, said:

"I heard of a French general the other day who exposed himself to the front of the battle where the war was raging most fiercely. One of his young officers, seeing his danger, went up to him and expostulated with him for having placed himself in so exposed a position.

"'You know, sir,' said he, 'that your experience is too valuable for you to risk such danger. I am afraid for you. Come to one side and just superintend, contenting yourself with giving your orders.'

"Turning round to the officer, he said, 'My dear sir, I do not think my presence is as necessary to the battle as you imagine it to be.'

It was a touching moment when the Chief called upon the bride and bridegroom to stand forth and publicly make to the Army and to each other the pledges of loyalty, fidelity and love required from those desiring to be married under the flag, and in accordance with the practices of the Salvation Army.

And then, as representative of Sweden, Colonel Lagercrantz presented a parchment address of loving greeting from the staff and field officers of that country, signed on their behalf by Commissioner Ridsdel.

The Chief then read a second brief letter from the General, welcoming bride and bridegroom to their new position in the fight and field.

Colonel Booth-Hellberg, *alias* Colonel Raj Singh, was now re-introduced to the meeting by the Chief.

The bridegroom said he had often felt that he had been

A Very Special Favorite of Heaven

because it had seemed to him as though he had always had more than the average measure of happiness than usually fell to a man's lot.

He was very grateful for the Salvation Army. He had never hesitated in owning his indebtedness to the Army. It was over ten years ago he started as a lad of twenty. He knew very little of the world, and had very little experience. In the Army, doors of usefulness had been open to him, which he did not think any university training or any other worldly advantage could have opened to him at his age. In speaking about the Salvation Army, he could never fail to mention the name of their beloved General, who had been to him, for years, a General and a father.

One word at last to all who had expressed their kind feelings and good wishes in connection with this event. That word would be a word of promise that, with the new opportunities that opened up before him, his aim and desire should always be to strive to realize their anticipations of future usefulness and happiness.

A Training Home Tea.

Love is the root of Self-Denial. No man will suffer till he loves.—THE COMMANDANT.

WHO WILL BE A SAMSON?

Staff-Captain Sharp on Self-Denial.

SELF-DENIAL WEEK, we hail thee with joy. It rejoices our hearts to have another special week of prayer and self-denial to show to the world that we really love their souls.

Without self-denial there could be no progress for the Kingdom. The more we deny ourselves, the faster will the Gospel chariot roll.

If you would see God, and climb the holy mount, you will find the road to it is self denial.

Have you a desire to be like Christ in heaven? You must first be like Him down here, and His life was one of self-denial. Do you want to wear a white robe in heaven? Then you must have a clean heart, and a clean heart and self-sacrifice go together.

Oh, for a baptism of that spirit of love that will enable all of God's saints to take a delight in denying themselves for Christ's sake.

Last year's total for the East Ontario Province was a glorious achievement over that of 1892. But we put it down in black and white that we shall beat last year's record, and leave it away in the dark.

The district officers are already in harness clearing the tract. Let me say here that a braver company of district officers never were yoked together. No grass will grow around them. On they go, and full of new plans.

The Wealth of this Land

is not to be found in the cities, but in the country, and in the small villages. Here we are preparing a desperate attack.

Brigades will be organized, and meetings arranged for a certain night. The brigade will start out in the morning and visit every house for miles around, and pray and deal with the people about their souls.

Oh, that we could stir up the zeal, fire, ambition, and real earnestness of every officer and soldier! What a victory we should have for Self-Denial. So much deadness, cold-heartedness, luke-warmness and indifference, that the Gospel wheels are clogged.

This is what we want for the Kingdom of God,

Some Dare-Devil, Dashing Officer,

who will challenge their fellow-officers and corps in getting the most money for Self-Denial.

In the world there are challenges made almost every day for one thing or another, and greater things are accomplished than would be if there was no challenge. There would be no champions if there were no contests.

Why should not someone rise up in the spiritual kingdom, who will dare to challenge or provoke their comrades to good works in a contest to get the most money? Will you be the man who will strike out from your ease in Zion, and get out of the rut? Who will dare to be the Samson?

Now, self-denial is the very opposite of self-indulgence, and is sure to produce the opposite results.

Man fails to see half of the heroic acts of self-denial, but the all-seeing eye of God notices all.

The true spirit of self-denial is the Spirit of God. Many sing: "I give my all to Jesus," but if you ask them for a quarter, they say they cannot spare it. Only those who give, get the blessing. You may sing, pray, and speak till you are blue in the face, but the blessing comes TO THOSE WHO ARE PRACTICAL.

A REAL GEM.

★ THE ★

SELF-DENIAL "CRY."

Be Sure You Get One.

LATEST PRESS TELEGRAM

Further Magnificent News.

THE GENERAL'S

American Campaign.

JUST RECEIVED BY WIRE.

WASHINGTON,
"WAR CRY," December, 5th.
Toronto.

Philadelphia finish superb; Temple, 4,000 present, as many outside; Dr. Conwell, pastor, believed Army destined do mightier work than Methodists; Bishops, ministers on platform. Night, Memorial Hall gorged; police kept doors against surging crowds; General brilliant, best; 43 surrenders, saloon-keeper, also blind man. Washington, warmest greetings. General met 100 ministers night. 2,500 Convention Hall, Octogenarian Judge Strong, late Supreme Court, introduced General. Splendid meeting.

CAPT. H. S. TAYLOR,
International "War Cry" Correspondent.

DIRECT FROM THE GENERAL.

Self-Denial Week.

WHAT AND WHY?

BY OUR GENERAL.

(Specially contributed for the Canadian "Cry.")

(CONTINUED.)

Self-Denial is Good for Your Spirituality.

The most spiritual followers of Jesus Christ have always been among those who have been the most austemious and self-sacrificing. It is of the very essence of Christianity, and partakes the nature, walks in the foot-prints, and is after the fashion of the example of its Author. Indeed, is it not a filling up of the measure of the sufferings of Jesus Christ that still have to be endured in the lives of His followers.

Come along, my brother, my sister. A good pull at **Self-Denial** will help, encourage, and prove the genuineness of your religion to God and all men.

Self-Denial will be Good for Your Heavenly Portion when You get There, and will Increase Your Heavenly Possessions when You Enter on Their Enjoyment.

What you do for God and souls is not going to be unrewarded. The Reporting Angel is not on your track merely to watch for your haltings and unfaithfulnesses, and record them. No, no, no! He waits at your elbow to write down any good deed you do for Him, and on the principle the Maker Himself laid down in case of the widow and her mites you are going to have an extra allowance of glory, aye, a hundred-fold for anything done which involves real sacrifice. Oh, as I have already said, keep the heavenly accountants going.

Self-Denial is a Good Thing for Your Saviour.

It is what He asked for, died for, rose again for, and for which He has poured forth His Spirit upon you, and you know that if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His. And if you want to answer the gracious end for which His sacred life was given you will be willing to give yourself for Him and for a dying world in sacrifice even as He loved you and gave Himself for you.

Self-Denial is Good for the Perishing Crowds.

For whom do we want you to practice it? For whose sake do I plead? Not my own, nor for my dear son and daughter who are your leaders. We want it to carry forward the war with sin, misery and hell. We want it to help us feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the homeless, rescue the fallen, in short, to save the bodies and souls of those who are ready to perish.

Will you practice it? Will you join us on the week commencing Saturday, December 1st, and ending on Saturday, December 8th.

I shall never forget the manner in which thousands of hands have been stretched out to me in Canada during the last month, and I think I can say thousands of hearts have come over with the hands in wishing blessing on the work which God has chosen to do through my poor agency.

To You I Appeal for a Little Practical Sympathy on this Forth-Coming Self-Denial Week.

It can be given without interrupting the flow of any other benevolence. God will be pleased, the sinning and the suffering will be helped, a brave, struggling people will be cheered, and I shall be grateful.

"The righteous showeth mercy."

THE GENERAL'S RECEPTION AT KINGSTON.

OH, BE SURE AND STICK TO YOUR CROSS.—The General.

Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

The Harvest Festival Veterans.

By an unfortunate blunder, the lists of the best corps for Harvest Festival, as per target and increase, were omitted from last week's issue of these notes. Our veterans cannot be overlooked because of anybody's mistake, and we, therefore, print them this week, and repeat, that perhaps the best method of judging the corps results is by their target. Outside a few places in Central Province, these were fixed with just care and consideration of local circumstances. To have struck these, therefore, was to have accomplished all that could reasonably be expected. But many corps more than struck them. Here is the list showing those which reached their targets, and one also showing those *over-reaching* them:—

Corps Which Have Hit Their Targets, but Not Over.—Stayner, Essex Paris Huntingdon, Campb llford Montreal III., Morrisburg, Bedford, Kemptville, Athens, Carleton, Halifax I., Halifax II., North Sydney, Parrsboro' Sackville, Chatham, Portage la Prairie, Morden, Neepawa, New Westminster.

Corps Which Have Gone Over This Year's Target.—London I., Wiarton, Palmerston, Brussels, Listowel, Simcoe, Thedford, Amherstburg, Windsor, Norwich, Belleville, Tweed, Cobourg, Port Hope, Brighton, Trenton Peterboro', No wood, Kingston, Portsmouth, Sunbury, Ottawa, Brockville, Fairville North Head, LaTete (Circle), Dartmouth, Sydney, Westville, Stellarton, Springhill Mines, Moncton, Amherst, Sussex, Charlottetown, Newcastle, Campbellton, Yarmouth, Annapolis, Bridgetown, Dutt n, Feversham, Hamilton I., Hamilton II., Tyrone, Lindsay, Newmarket (Circle), Aurora, Port Perry.

Tip-Top Increases.

Here is the promised list of the twenty-six best corps increases on last year, showing amount of increase:—

Victoria, $140; Belleville, $97; Peterboro, $82; Yarmouth, $80; Ottawa, $59; Prince Albert, $55; Winnipeg $52.00; Hamilton I., $51 65; New Westminster, $50; Halifax I. $49 Bridgetown, $45; London I., $39 61; Simcoe, $36 00; Campbellton, $35; Kingston, $34 91; Port Hope, $31.85; Selkirk, $31; Hamilton II., $29 60; Vancouver, $29; Sydney, $28; Emerson $26 68; Essex Centre, $26.40; Westville, $25; Listowel, $22.83; Cobourg, $21; LaTete, $21.

The Review Before the Battle.

Let us now refer to the records of last year's Self Denial battle. A little provoking of one another to good works will help the fight. I will refer to the champion Provincial Officers, then to the best districts, and later on to the best corps of the Dominion.

Two Self Denial Champions.

There were two Champion Brigadiers last year on two tests, which were equally fair. Judged on the increase over the Provincial targets, that is, the amount raised over and above that set down for the Province as their goal, Brigadier Jacobs came in first, having scored a rise of $2,026, or $590.17 over the standard amount.

Brigadiers Jacobs and De Barritt.

Taken on the ordinary income of the Province, Brigadier de Barritt took the cake. He scored an increase of $731 for eight corps, which, when compared with their ordinary income, was ahead of any other Province. The two champions of last year were, therefore:

Brigadier Jacobs.
Brigadier de Barritt.

Now, then, which of these are going to come out first in the battle of '94?

Toronto, Beware!

Brigadier de Barritt will do well to be on the alert. The wise man of the East knows his way round those parts, and has a practical knack of coming in at the last moment with a rush. Then the Toronto Brigadier must recollect that he has no longer a Province so compact as the city where last year he could concentrate his efforts, assisted by Headquarters' Staff His domain is more scattered, and his energies will be more divided in consequence Nevertheless, and notwithstanding, Brigadier de Barritt will not lose his championship in a hurry.

Also St. John.

And as to Brigadier Jacobs, he will do well to remember he has no longer the assistance of Newfoundland to reckon on. Those plucky warriors of the Sea-girt Isle are now to stand for the first time alone, and assert their power and independence. It is, I admit, going to be a very tight squeeze for my Eastern comrades, but Brigadier Jacobs is a tried old warrior, who is not afraid of battle, nor is he fearful of defeat.

Watch Winnipeg.

Nor am I sure after all that the struggle lies chiefly between the East and Central Ontario. Brigadier Margetts brought the North-West last year close on the heels of the East. It must be remembered, too, that Major Read is not one jot behind his predecessor, either for energy or money-getting reputation. Remember, the man who led on to such wonders in Newfoundland has now to be reckoned with in a territory that lends him far greater facilities. The troops from Port Arthur to Victoria are already on the move, and the battle of the first week in September may foreshadow the coming victory for the Winnipeg commander.

Remember Kingston.

And we must not forget the battle just fought. The Harvest Festival is a sure sign of the strength of opposing forces. A new champion has appeared on the scene. I watched carefully last year the steady advance of the East Ontario forces. Brigadier Scott scored an increase on last year's Self Denial of $1 526 He came in second on the increase test. The Harvest Festival brought him to the top, head and soldiers above everybody, and at the moment he and his comrades hold the place as champions of the Dominion. East Ontario has therefore to be dealt with and dislodged. What they did for Harvest Festival they can do for Self-Denial, and flushed with the recent triumph, they will, we may be sure, fight to the bitter end.

Reckon with London.

And please do not suppose that because West Ontario, struggling with greater difficulties, and fearfully under officered, has failed to secure correspondingly great increases that she and her experienced Brigadier have not to be dealt with. I should not be one bit surprised to see West Ontario take the sudden leap in Self Denial that East Ontario took in Harvest Festival. She is somewhat better circumstanced for fighting than she was last year, and there are new enterprises at work already within her borders. Moreover, the Commandant feels especially bound to give some personal assistance. This, added to the fact that the North-West champion has hold of the reins will make West Ontario a formidable opponent in the Self-Denial arena.

And Newfoundland.

Then there is Newfoundland. Major Morris, I will tell you a secret. This is the first time your plucky little Province has to fight for its own, and it will doubtless be for its encouragement to know what I have to tell. Supposing Newfoundland had stood alone last year, do you know where she would have appeared among her sister Provinces? Judged by your ordinary corps income you would have come out near the top on the list. Now remember, and be encouraged and inspired. I tell you frankly, I would especially like you to lick all the others. You have an equal chance. The test, as per ordinary income, gives all fair play. Now, you hardy, fearless Newfoundlanders, here is your opportunity! And now, Major Morris, you are the man for the occasion, I'm sure.

Last Year's At D.O.'s.

Coming to the district officers and their commands, the review of forces offer some interesting suggestions. Last year shows, judged by the ordinary income test, there were ten champion districts. They were as follows:

Toronto District, Adjutant Jewer; Yarmouth District, Ensign Gage; Brandon District Adjutant Magee; Guelph District Ensign Gideon Miller; Montreal District, Ensign Arkett. Ottawa District, Ensign Gait; Peterboro District, Ensign Coombs; Cornwall District, Moncton District, Ensign McDonald; Barrie District, Ensign McGillivray.

Now, these Districts will have to watch it that they don't get surpassed this year. I have looked into the figures, and see no reason why they shouldn't hold their own against all comers. They have ample margin for a good rise. If they come out first, the following D. O.'s will be the men to take the laurel:

Ensign Turner for Toronto; Ensign Gage for Yarmouth; Captain Green for Brandon; Ensign Cass for Guelph; Ensign McLean for Montreal; Ensign Coombs for Ottawa; Ensign McDonald for Peterboro'; Ensign Hunter for Cornwall; Ensign Desbrisay for Moncton; Ensign Blackburn for Barrie.

By which it appears that Ensign Coombs and Ensign McDonald are the only two old champions on the list. But what will all the others have to say? Here comes the rub: The old warriors do not propose to be unsaddled in that fashion, I am sure. If not, then they will have to make themselves felt again at their present commands. Presuming that the same men win, they will proclaim the following districts among the champions:

Ensign Gage	will bring in	Halifax District.
Ensign Gideon Miller	"	Petrolia District.
Ensign Arkett	"	St. Catharines District.
Ensign Gait	"	Prince Edward Is and District.
Ensign Coombs	"	Ottawa District.
Ensign McDonald	"	Peterboro District.
Ensign McGillivray	"	Kingston District.

Now, my friends, I wish you God-speed, but advise you to keep your eyes on the officers whose names are mentioned on the preceding note.

The Champion Fighters.

In fact, it is just as well for you to keep your eyes open all round. The Victoria District last year was all but in the charmed circle. Adjutant Archibald is well coached, and has himself well in hand. This is the first Self-Denial battle fought at the Coast in the hands of a man. Judging from the total for the Harvest Festival, British Columbia will sweep the decks Then there is London, where Ensign Lowry has to be dealt with; and St. John, N B., and St Johns, Newfoundland; and Winnipeg, and Calgary, and Belleville. and New Glasgow, they're all hovering on the brink.

Staff-Capt. Jewer's Brigade and the Machine Gun.

Another experiment is being tried this year which, if it succeeds, will help in many ways. Why not give places where there is no Army at all a systematised opportunity of joining in the Self-Denial campaign? My conviction is that there are large numbers of friends in outlying places who sympathize and would help were they given opportunity. The following plan has been devised, and is being carried out:

A territory has been marked out, comprising places where the flag is not flying. Staff-Capt Jewer and a Brigade of men armed with ample supply of Self-Denial appeals, and a first-class magic lantern are sent to these places, where, beforehand, Cadet-Capt. Scobel has prepared the way as advance agent. The mornings are devoted to the distribution of the appeals, which also serve as announcements for the evening service. In the afternoon the houses are canvassed for gifts exactly as in an ordinary corps, and at night, in some church, school room, or building that has been lent, the brigade give their representation of a world-wide Army by magic lantern. In the large places there is a stay of two days. By the aid of the machine gun a powerful and blessed meeting is conducted, where there is no corps force behind it. Staff-Capt. Jewer has left with his lads, full of fire, and it would not surprise me to hear that a great money-producing vein has been struck by this energetic officer.

Social Tug of War.

The Social Institutions, too, are to come on to the scene as an organized force for Self-Denial. Major Bennett and Ensign Hilts have been told their targets the same as any other Provincial Officer, and each institution knows exactly what is expected of it. To ensure success, and prevent overlapping, and also to ensure a more perfect canvass of the towns concerned, the Provincial Officer will see that each institution has its own district in the same way as a corps. The amounts raised will go to swell the Provincial total. The target for the men's and women's branch of the Social Work are exactly the same as each other. Major Bennett for the Men's Social Work, $600. Ensign Hilts for the Women's Social Work, $600 Now for a tug-of-war. The women ought to beat, but it is questionable this time.

Another Jubilee Advance.

The London Food and Shelter is now an accomplished fact. It will cost about $1 500 to fit out and furnish, and now it is complete, it stands as a model in every sense. It speaks volumes also for the practical sympathy of London that already $965 in cash, besides other amounts of furniture, have been donated. The opening meeting was largely spoiled by the wet night, but the Mayor's presidency of that meeting, and the splendid things said on our behalf, will count for more than a passing demonstration. I had the pleasure of showing His Worship over the building personally, and he was delighted and pledged to see that the poor, now on the hands of the city, were sent down to us and paid for. With such co-operation, what ought we not to do with our Social Work in London.

A Magnificent Donation.

Another expression of sympathy came from a very dear friend of the Army who had just given Mrs. Booth fifty dollars towards the new building The lady sent to see me, and then in a most gracious and touching manner presented me with two cheques, one of $200 for the the Rescue Work, and another of $400, to be divided between the new Shelter and the new corps barracks. Six hundred dollars for a gift was a substantial cheer [illegible] which it is not easy to say how much we appreciate [illegible] bless that dear friend, and give her to see the broken hearts her money has healed in the Kingdom to come.

SELF-DENIAL STRENGTHENS THE MUSCLES OF THE SOUL.—*All the World.*

NEXT WEEK'S!

Bran New! Notes by the Minister of Finance. Read them.

Enthusiast (the London Editor) in Toronto.

The Commandant's Friday Night Address fully reported.

Brigadier Holland's Notes, all spicy and alive.

Territorial Topics, by the Commandant. Fascinating reading.

Continuation of Report of the General's splendid victories under the Star-Spangled Banner.

And the record of a multiplicity of marvels, thrilling and edifying.

"MANY SOLDIERS WENT OUT OF THEIR WAY TO BRING TO THE FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS PERSONS WHO NEEDED BLESSING."—*The Commandant at the first Special Friday Night Holiness Meeting.*

Do it again, comrades!—Ed.

Let us all imitate Jesus, Whose life was the emblem of unselfishness, and Whose death was the embodiment of self-sacrifice.—Mrs. Herbert Booth.

WAR CRY

Editorial Notings.

Friday Night Holiness Meeting Re-Commenced.

The Friday Night Special Holiness meetings have re-commenced. The Commandant and Mrs. Booth, with a big staff of officers were present on Friday last. Brigadier de Barritt, and the Provincial Headquarter's Staff were also there. All the Toronto corps were closed, and a fine muster of Salvationists resulted. This [illegible] series was a grand success, and we may confidently look forward to a p[illegible] run of meetings. The Commandant's thoughtful address on "The Law of Surrender," and Mrs. Booth's singing and speaking were greatly appreciated Let all our soldiers and friends pray fervently for God's blessing on the undertaking.

Enthusiast.

Colonel Nicol, London *War Cry* Editor, to whom the War Cry last week extended a welcome on behalf of Cry readers everywhere, arrived by the 5:25 train from

Philadelphia, on Monday evening, 5th November. He looks well, and speaks of the New York Campaign as a baptism of genuine Salvationism. The heartiness of Colonel Nicol's fraternal greeting to us was accentuated by the gift of one of "Enthusiast's" characteristic reports on the General in Philadelphia, part of which appears in this issue.

The Self-Denial fever is raging throughout the territory. The Provincial Officers, those mighty princes of the territory, by name, Morris, Margetts, De Barritt, Scott, Read, Jacobs, have fixed the goal of holy ambition for themselves, and the forces in their provinces, and they are in utter desperation of resolve on behalf of the great annual appeal. Every one of the Provincial Officers is a Salvation Cromwell, and their officers and troops are Ironsides, while the mettle of the chief Territorial leaders is too well-known to need mentioning. Above all else God is with us, and faith cries out triumphantly, anticipating the victory already. MAY THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD COME MIGHTILY UPON EVERYONE OF US engaged in the Self-Denial effort. Amen.

Theatrical Advertisements.

A prominent minister of the Gospel asked in a recent address, what the city fathers of Toronto were thinking about in allowing theatrical bills of such an abandoned type to be displayed everywhere. We would like to ask, have the city MOTHERS nothing to say?

"What have the placards to do with the Salvation Army?" may be asked.

"Much," we reply. We are fighting the devil of uncleanness, and these pictures with their prurient suggestiveness are *against* us. Besides, they are seeds which produce a harvest, and the Salvation Army will have to reap that harvest possibly. If you would solve the riddle, get the history of some of our rescued women. The Christian public of Toronto should annihilate everything objectionable on the city's posting stations.

Posting Stations.

"Only one life, 'twill soon be past.
Only what's done for Jesus will last,"

was the wording of a card which hung prominently in the window of a Salvationist's cottage in Sydney, Australia, and which thousands of people read, and no one can tell the good that short and silent sermon thus accomplished. We often prayed that its message might become effective, and had some testimony to that effect. If our soldiers and friends will adopt some such plan, the devil will not be having it all his own way in this respect as he is at present. We shall be glad to hear from any person who will take the suggestion up.

Will it Sell?

Private Soldier Mrs. Scott, is one of the *bona fide* Salvation family—A WARRIOR. That comrade has set an example to our troops throughout the Dominion. She got tired of seeing the WAR CRYS lying dead as door nails at the post office, and bravely took the whole lot—two weeks' supply—and SOLD OUT. God bless you, sister, may your good example provoke thousands more of your comrades to love and good works. Acadia Mines, we congratulate you on having such a soldier in your ranks. Will the War CRY sell?

N.B.—The F.O's were absent.

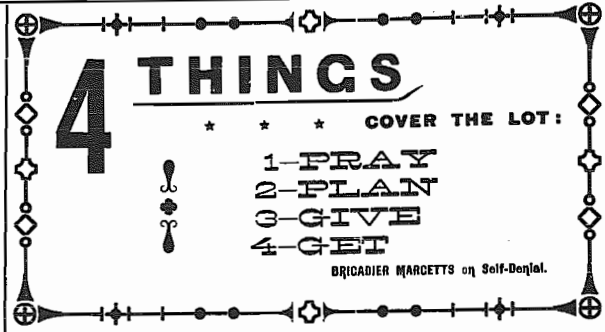
It was Interesting.

He is a well-known District Officer. He came into the WAR CRY "Sub's" department, where his eagle eye caught sight of an advance copy of the WAR CRY. He plumped down into the deck-chair after grabbing that CRY, and, reader, he did not move till he had been right through every page of that precious CRY. Is the paper interesting?

One of our Auxiliaries says: "I like the change that you have made in the WAR CRY very much. It has a very neat appearance, and there is no paper that I get hold of, that I enjoy reading like the WAR CRY, and the reports of the General's meetings were splendid."

Brigadier Holland.

Brigadier Holland, who, although well able to, scarcely ever appears in the *role* of a WAR CRY contributor, has promised to supply us with half a column of the very latest cabinet secrets weekly. God bless the Brigadier! We hail the coming notes with pleasure.



He Should be——.

Considering that he has not had a meal at home—save breakfasts—for a considerable time, and that he is running his office hours till ten and eleven p.m. regularly, and that he sat up till one and two a.m. to write them, we feel we must sincerely congratulate the Financial Secretary on the appearance and spiciness of his notes, which appeared in last week's issue of the WAR CRY. Suffer a word of exhortation, Major: go on writing.

"Whatever is done, let it be done well; we cannot play at Self Denial.—COMMISSIONER HOWARD.

Financial Secretary's Notes.

THE LATEST.—First class! Tip-top! That's something like! Now, that's what I call a fine specimen of an intelligent manipulation. That's the way to make use of every corner and leave no room for the devil. What? Why not put the horse before the cart and let us link on straightaway? (Pardon the novice once more.) Well, I refer to the splendid arrangement the Commandant has made to utilize to the very best advantage the whole of the property recently purchased in London. Yes, sir, one more of the Jubilee schemes which was not a castle in the air. This arrangement is just one more indication of the practical experience of the manipulator, who is ever on the alert to see that every thing is a live thing. Well, what has been done? I really couldn't say, exactly, for I haven't been down yet. I was left behind once more to look after the stuff; but by the plans, and the great way the celebrities speak of its utility, it must be A1. Anyway, they say so, and by the news heard since the Commandant opened the Shelter last week, I guess we had better finish up and say it is so.

There's a large hall, a small hall (will be, when finished shortly), offices, and offices, or whatever the kind friends prefer to name them, officers' quarters, 1, 2, 3, Men's Shelter, with kitchen, restaurant, dormitory, lounging and reading rooms, bath room, stable and other etcs. (Oh, no, friend, not all under the same roof, but nearly so, but on the same premises.) I would not like you to get mixed up over the conglomeration, should therefore recommend, if not too far, that you go and catch them on the hop some morning, when they will be glad to receive your donation toward the scheme.

FREDERICTON.—The barracks, the brick barracks on the old barracks land; this is being rushed up in fine style, and Brigadier Jacobs will see the corps are not rushed over it. Corps doing their best at collecting, and all eager to have it finished before the winter is upon us. Quick work, this. Why, it only seems like yesterday since we received the news that the flames had gobbled up the old building.

OSHAWA.—Yes, sir, Oshawa! Ottawa? No, sir, O-s-h-a-w-a! Convinced? Barracks up and opened. There's been some rushing over this, too, I can tell you.

Catch him (s)napping if you can. When one wants to buy property from us, which is likely to be disused, or vacant. It is not wise to write suggesting that one sells at once because the fire-bugs are busy, and then to mail a paper in which the report of a fire in the vicinity is inserted. No, no! It is far the best to offer a man the value of his pig, not forgetting the price of the bag it is tied up in.

Yes, oh, yes! Hallelujah! He did. Did what? Pay up in full last week. What a dear fellow! Now, that's the way to stop the grey hairs. A little more of this kind of thing, then we can hope that those almost through will change color before they appear.

The man who "carries the bag" was cheered. (That's a very poor way of saying thank you.) Very much pleased, and felt like saying more that he liked to say at the moment, when Mrs. Booth handed him the results of a week's hard work in getting some wherewith all. It just came in when most needed. We would not like to have the name for placing "the last straw on the camel's back," but it was so very nice. The baby says, "More, pease." Accountant! yes, and many other things, too. He is one of the extrageous class. Did he not struggle with brown paper, string and packing cases for many long hours last week, with others, to get off your

Self-Denial

printed matter so as to reach you in good time? (Yes, a good worker is Ensign Hern.) I hope it has reached you, comrade. If you are short of anything in that line, let me know, and you shall not be short long.

Well, now, having received the "book of instructions" in good time, you will see this have a good idea of how the scheme should be worked. You will at least hit your target if you carry out those instructions, "and so say all of us."

Now for a downright good try, by—

1. A call to arms in good time.
2. The mustering of all the willing-hearted.
3. Careful instruction as to individual and social responsibility.
4. A resolute and persistent endeavor to bring before all people the pleasure and duty of SELF-DENIAL.
5. Faith, united faith, that the efforts made will, under God's blessing, be a success. Then when the time comes for the gathering in you can reckon on a good issue as the result. You will reap in proportion to your sowing. Long ago, we have, I am sure, proved that but little of anything is obtained without consecutive hard work. We are said to be the people who, sticking at it, win. Now is our time.

Capt. Thomas, Victoria	190
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The "Salvationist" on the Trip to Labrador,

Sails a Thousand Miles—Distributes Some Hundreds of "Crys" and "Young Soldiers"—Holds Nineteen Meetings and Counts Seven Souls Saved.

If you had been near Twillingate, the Metropolis of the North, on August 1st, you would have seen the "Salvationist" starting to the Labrador, sails set and colors flying.

We were not sailing long before a storm of wind came in the opposite direction.

At the Labrador we met a number of soldiers and friends, although our stay was so short, having been charged by our Major to be home not later than Sept. 14th, for the General's visit.

On one occasion, going into a harbor, we enquired of a man if there were any Christian people there, and we found it quite difficult to make him understand.

While in that harbor we were invited to visit a sister who for a long time had been in bed. We found her in a poor, dark state. There she was, almost gone, with no hope. We talked, prayed, and read to her, but could make little impression. When we asked her if she would like to be right with God, she looked at us and said, "No." Oh, how it thrilled our hearts, and again we longed for a chance to visit every little harbor and cove, and tell them of Jesus and His love. Oh, the darkness of such places would cause one's blood to run cold.

Our time being so short we started next morning to visit along the shore, and distribute WAR CRYS to our soldiers and friends. Soon after we arrived at Hollton, our journey's end. We were met by kind friends. One leading man of the place received us hospitably and gave us a donation. We were met very kindly by a Methodist minister, who bought a song book.

After distributing about three hundred WAR CRYS and *Young Soldiers*, we said good-bye. Soon after we arrived at Indian Ticket, and were met by friends and soldiers. We spent a night with them, led a proper salvation meeting; two sea captains, who attended the meeting, gave a donation each.

Soon we were off again to the shores of our own native land, our first call being Twillingate.

Off for Trinity, where Capt. Newman is waiting. Soon again we were inside the Narrows. We were met by Adjutant Smeeton, who told us that the comrades were all waiting at No. 1. barracks to give us a real welcome. But we were too much fatigued and had to decline the loving words.

CAPT. PARSONS.

P.S.—We sailed in all about one thousand miles, led nineteen meetings, saw seven precious souls saved, and returned home all well saved.

NOTES FROM BONAVISTA DISTRICT.

We overtook a man with quite a sized pack on his back. He informed that he was returning from the banks of Labrador, fishing. He liked the Army, and had been to the meetings there. His daughter accompanied him, and got saved. We all sat down by a brook to have lunch, and he gave us some of his, so we had an additional supply. This gave us a chance to speak and pray before we parted. We ate our bread with gladness, and drank from the brook.

On our way back, Capt. Newman put his in the brook, which somewhat soaked and softened the hard biscuit, which, after this process, masticated more readily. It was rather a cold day.

Newfoundlanders are good travellers, a hardy race of people, and eat as above described, as happy and contented as if in a palace. They are also mild, jolly, and devotional.

Capt. Newman, of Trinity, has the children's work under way.

Cadet Legge had to return by the same steamer, for the doctor said his case was serious, his left lung was effected.

The Junior work is doing well in Bonavista. Capt. Parsons and Cadet Brown, you drivers in this spiritual race with the fury of Jehu, will in no wise slack speed in this direction.

I am expecting to hear from Catalina and Bird Island Cove of a move taking place among the children. I can hardly think that the heroes of such places will be content with third-class passage.

Two souls on Sunday in Bonavista, and one woman came shouting and dancing to the front, and declared she had lost her burden.

Good news from Greenspond by Lieut. Moulton, reporting six souls.

CAPT. PAYNE.

Go in for some extra suffering, and your soul will do some extra shining.—THE COMMANDANT.

"God first, and His glory only," should be our motto.—COMMISSIONER HOWARD on Self-Denial.

THE GUNS
— OF —
Self-Denial In Action
IN THE
EASTERN PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER JACOBS.

ALREADY WE HAVE HAD THE SMELL OF POWDER. Some shots have been exchanged with no loss of life on any side; a great battle is expected, and the Eastern Province on top.

THE ENEMY'S POSITION has been surveyed. Our rivals studied as far as we are able. This year, we are in a rather different position, not having Newfoundland to assist.

WE DON'T CONSIDER OUR PROVINCE EQUAL to any other Canadian one on the point of wealth. Although not belonging to Ontario, we are not blind to the fact that there is large cities, wealth, influence, and people to work amongst. Whilst this is so, we say that there is one qualification which we refuse to say any other part of the Dominion can beat us on.

GOOD MORNING, MY DEAR BROTHER PROVINCIALS Would you like to know why your Province comes second to the Eastern? Not in any of the above, or in the opportunities; it is in the PLUCK. With plenty of this, we expect to see you all take a second place; but don't get frightened, just show you have a little of the above by making a fight.

IT IS A SETTLED MATTER that the East challenges any other Province, even the great North-West. A tough fight to win it may be. Just you watch the results. Keep your eye on the Eastern D.O's.; they are getting their blood up, and are going to make it lively for everybody.

HALIFAX DISTRICT, Ensign Gage in charge. St. John District, Staff Captain Howell in charge. This also means that Halifax has to look out. Get up early in the morning, or else you will be left. Both did well last year; Halifax beat. Who is to beat this year? Both targets are set at $1 050 This is a mighty rise for St. John, fully $200.

THE RISE is not quite so great for Halifax District, but last year the barracks was building. Ensign Gage made a good increase in the Yarmouth District. He is in good fighting trim, and has his mind made up to be the top district in the East.

ANNAPOLIS DISTRICT and Prince Edward Island District, opposite parts of the country, are the same, namely, $2 75. We watch with interest as to who is to come out first. Last year, Ensign Alward was Captain Alward, of Dartmouth At that corps he raised the S. D from $69 to $170. His target does not look large, but it means something. He will have a chance at Liverpool to get a rise.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND DISTRICT is a wonderful place. A whole province; a place of influence; corps few. Ensign Gait won't let the tall Ensign Alward surpass her if she can help it, but I am not sure which will be victorious. I have visited every corps in Annapolis District; find the D. O. alive, in good health, ready for war. Next week, I am in P. E. I. Will report later.

MONCTON AND CHATHAM DISTRICTS are both set at $350 Last year, Moncton beat Chatham. I hardly see why it should be this year The town of Chatham did first-class. Now, if Chatham did so well, why not Newcastle and Campbellton come to the help of its district and beat Moncton? There is a chance for Moncton, Ensign Bradley is there. Against that he has to contend with a sister D. O. by name of Ensign Mapp[illegible]. Look out, Friend Bradley.

RIGHT FROM [illegible]LARTON to Cape Breton is the New Glasgow District, one of the largest in the Province. The target is only $600 [illegible]n Watson is the D. O. Last year his [illegible]rict went up to $60, and only three corps; now he has six corps. This would then mean an increase of $120. Ensign Sydney will lend you a hand; they can do an increase; so can North Sydney, now they have that nice barracks.

WHO NEW GLASGOW DISTRICT is to challenge I hardly know. There is no pluck in challenging little districts. What about St. John or Halifax, Ensign? Don't be afraid to tackle it, there is your New Glasgow soldiers, many of them at the steel works. If they gave, say $2 each, and collected another five each, it would not be amiss, and surely, after all the blessings they have received, they would not mind this. St John and Halifax might chuckle at your pluck in challenging them, but, oh, my! what a thing if they had to take a second place!

NEW GLASGOW ONCE MORE. Were we not told that it was an enterprising town then. There is a lot of Scotch there. Surely no one would call himself a Scotchman and not give. If you find such a person, let him know he is a poor representative of the land of the heather. SELF-DENIAL is a part of a Scotchman's belief. See shorter catechism. Then there is Newfoundlanders, they are making money fast, and will give as God has prospered them. Yes, I believe you are able, and who can tell but what we shall soon be talking of the city of New Glasgow?

ENSIGN CREIGHTON is a New Brunswicker. Ensign DesBrissay hails from P. E. I. The first has charge of Springhill District, the latter Yarmouth; the first is a man, the second a woman; the Springhill D. O. is married, the Yarmouth D. O. single. Both have targets of $400; both did good last year; both are going to do well this year. Who is to be there first is a question. Some think one, and some the other. To be candid, I must say I don't know. It is quite understood that it is no use to ask information from me of this kind.

OPINIONS DIFFER. Some say after an officer gets married, he is not as successful as single. I have been carefully watching events, and, being married myself, think it wise to withhold my opinion for the time being, and as a test case, we will see. If Springhill District beats Yarmouth, then we will say that the above doctrine is not sound; if Yarmouth beats Springhill, then we will say the married people are not in it. All the single people will be watching Yarmouth with anxious minds, and the married one, crest-fallen, hoping that Springhill will win.

ST. STEPHEN DISTRICT is one of a trio. Moncton and Chatham targets are the same, $350; the increase is not very large. Woodstock was beaten by St. Stephen last year. Now I don't quite see the point; there is a large population around Woodstock. I now propose to put these two towns together for the fight; neither have raised that much that it can't be beaten; both have a chance. St. Stephen borders Uncle Sam, and is supposed to have more enterprise, etc., but surely there is enterprise in New Brunswickers.

THE SPIRITUAL WILL BE HELPED by the financial, and the financial by the spiritual. This is the great annual missionary effort. It all comes in for the helping forward of the Kingdom. Special interest will be give another chance to deal with the people. As regards the corps, we will say something concerning them next week.

Chatham.—Capt Orchard and Lieut. Cook walked from Blenheim to Tilbury for a jubilee. The distance is twenty-seven miles.

A man was arrested and fined $5 and cost for driving his horse through the open air meeting at Ridgetown.

A young man arrested for swearing at the barracks door Sunday night at Chatham. These should be warnings

Farewell to Ridgetown. The Rev. Mr. Iler with us. One soul.

Farewell, Chatham. Twenty-one to kneedrill. Forty-nine out of the sixty-one soldiers in the march. One soul.

Juniors Demonstration. Capt. Rock, the saved French-Catholic, spoke, and other officers. A good crowd, big collection.

Tuesday, farewell "fowl supper." Lots of chickens. After supper a grand united meeting. The Revds Messrs. Crews, Larkin and McIntyre, each delivered short addresses, speaking highly of the General and the S.A.—Ensign MILLER.

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.
Great Western Province.

To Field and Local Officers and Army Friends:

Last year the huge sum of $4240 69 was raised by only twenty corps throughout the great North-West and British Columbia.

Now, the Commandant has fixed our target at $5,000, and when I say we can do it, I have faith enough to believe.

Last year, our comrades in the British Columbia district did grand work, the six corps raising no less than $1 908 18 Victoria corps alone raised $836 75 of this amount, and it is no wonder that its present officer has written $1,000 on his target. Victoria comrades are over to the fore. Nanaimo did a good stroke last year in spite of financial difficulties. Could not Comox, Wellington, and all those other pretty towns and villages of Vancouver Island be so systematically canvassed that the Island could secure $1 000? Vancouver, too, ever ready, raised $565 05 last year, and I am expecting a severe war between these two rival places.

The North-West Territories were well to the fore, also Manitoba. Some of the smaller places last year far eclipsed the bigger cities. Prince Albert defeated Winnipeg by $52.83. Edmonton must be nearly as large as Prince Albert, yet the latter beat the former by $204 35.

Now, from the Press I gather that the B.C sealers have done well. This will help finances on the Coast. No doubt, too, the salmon fishery has been good during the past season. Those who have benefited thereby will not forget to help during **Self-Denial Week.** Statesmen, business gentlemen, and laborers of the cities on the Coast, will not only be glad to hear and see our dear General, but will delight in practically helping along the war by denying themselves for at least one week. Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald, Captains Thomas, Corlett, Milner, N. Green, and Lieutenants Gooding and Davidson will see that an interest is created among these people, while pretty little Vernon will not be overlooked by its officers.

To that beautiful territory, Alberta, I am looking for help. Captains S. Smith and Isaacson, with Lieutenants A Davidson and Hurst, will let the people know what they expect them to do.

Saskatchewan, with its one corps, did beautifully, but doubtless the record will be broken this year. Our officers, soldiers, and friends scattered over the mighty Manitoban plains, will remember to grease the old chariot wheels. Port Arthur and Fort William will not be one whit behind.

Officers, staff and field, not only should your town, or village, be properly canvassed, but every arrangement should be made to systematically visit the smaller places within reach. Vancouver, for instance, has many opportunities, so has Nanaimo. New Westminster has Clayton, and other places along the Fraser river; while Victoria can do a great deal so. Vernon has Armstrong and surrounding country. Last year Calgary did beautifully by rousing up the people of Lethbridge, Medicine Hat, and other places. Moosejaw will be able to attack Regina; Moosomin can take Fleming and Wapella. Then the officers at Brandon can see that the good folks of Alexander, Chater and Douglas are kept alive on Self-Denial matters.

What about the vast ground to be covered by the circle corps officers at Carberry, Emerson, Neepawa, Rapid City, and other places?

Local officers and Sergeants, you can very materially assist by lifting up the hands of your field officers. Naturally they will turn to you for advice, help, and assistance, and your devotion to the cause will prompt you to gladly do anything to further this heaven-born Self-Denial Scheme. So much power lies in your hands. Already to assist. Worry your friends and neighbors; suggest new plans and schemes to your superior officers; and if you do this the rank and file—the soldiers, the converts, and the recruits, will catch the the flame, and they in turn will speed the holy fire and enthusiasm.

Our brave soldiers fight the battles. Very little good could be accomplished without them. The F. O., the L. O., and the Sergeant give their orders, but the soldiers rush into the breach, face the enemy, and conquer. I am depending on the soldiery of the Western Province to not only do their share at distributing the envelopes and use their collecting cards, but also out of their own means to deny themselves, take up their cross, and by their works show that they love to toil for the great Self-Denier. Now, soldiers, into the fray you go. Take the matter to heart, and God will bless your efforts.

Our Auxiliaries and friends influence and touch a different class of people to those reached by the officers and soldiers. Their true love for the Army will be proved by the amount of practical effort they put forth during this week to raise cash for the progress of the work. I shall be only too glad to send collecting cards to any, and all donations sent to 441 Ross avenue, Winnipeg, will be very thankfully received; or you can send your gifts to the officer in charge of the corps nearest to your home.

The Juniors and children are going to have their little fingers in this big pie. In the past the dear children have very materially helped during Self-Denial Week, and they can touch the old folks' hearts and pockets by their tender, sympathetic ways and actions. I should advise our field officers to make the utmost possible use of the children, for I think they ought to raise $500 of the five thousand.

NOTES.

The General will be upon our field soon after Self Denial is over, and we want to report a good record.—Five thousand dollars is the target for the Western Province. No doubt every staff and field officer will gladly give their salary that week. Could not our soldiers do the same?—Victoria's target is $1,000, and what corps dare challenge Adjutant Archibald?—Plans and schemes for the advertisement of Self-Denial should now be in operation.—By all means let the newspaper men have all the information you can give them, for the Press is a great lever.

Mrs. Read joins me in my sanguine hopes, and desires all pull together; I feel sure the $5,000 will be raised.

Yours at war,

J. READ, Provincial Secretary.

Think about Jesus, and then you will perform your act of Self-Denial with a joy that will turn it into luxury.—THE COMMANDANT.

Paris.—A host of happy Salvationists. Who were they? Brigadier Margetts, Ensign Gale, Ensign Cass, Capt. Wiggins, and his soldiers, Capt. Collier, ex Capt. Werry, and others. What did they do? They ate a big supper, formed a procession, then down the streets they went. What a racket! The Brigadier played his concertina. They sang, they shouted, they fired a volley, they formed a ring, prayed, sang, testified, danced. Capt. Wiggins gave out the announcements. They went back to the barracks. Sister Jackson sang. Shouting Charley sang,

"There's too many joining the Army."

Brother Werry sang,

"Ring out them bells."

The Newfoundlander fired a shot; Capt. Collier ditto; Ensign Cass read the lesson; Ensign Gale said good bye. One sinner to the front; then another. Down falls a third at the mercy-seat A half dozen pair fall of glory were playing high jinks. The drummer had to climb a seat to get out of the road. No dry house in the crowd that night. Another supper was awaiting them at the back of the hall. That was one of the liveliest times that Paris Salvationists have enjoyed for some time.—W. M. MCLAUCHLIN, S.C.

Orillia.—Just arrived at the quarters, when Ensign Blackburn, the D O, put in an appearance, bespattered with mud from rumbling along the roads, and bringing news that the Jubilee band boys were on foot for nine miles. The walk, however, put them in readiness for a good supper, and our soldiers quickly showed their kind hospitality. The barracks is proper indeed, and when the furnace is in full swing it will be a real snug building. It was a pretty sight, with the green entwined round the pillars with here and there a cluster of red berries. Great credit is due to Lieut. Barker and those who helped her in the tastefully arrangement of the decorations.

Lively time on Saturday night, and a good preparation for fight. Our colored brother at the drum sang,

"There's a little wheel moving in my soul."

On Sunday, we had a slight storm; however, the soldiers turned up well and I am sure we all felt thankful for the worthy treasurer and secretary's ingenuity in heating the barracks The place was full both afternoon and night with an appreciative audience, and good collections. Two souls, one a backslider for seven years. The people enjoyed the singing and playing of the band boys.—MRS. DE BARRITT.

Whatever is done let it be done well. We cannot play at Self-Denial.—COMMISSIONER HOWARD.

West Ontario War Whoops.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

"A change of front" has taken place among the field officers. The following are the principal appointment:—Capt. Richardson, to Brantford; Capt. Wiggins, to Ingersoll; Capt. G. Mackenzie, to Stratford; Capt. McLeod, to St. Thomas; Capt. R. Branigan, to Owen Sound (supply); Capt. Dodd (supply), to Palmerston; Capt. Wynn, to Paris; Capt. Cookerill, to Wingham; Capt. Malyan, to Clinton; Capt. Crook, to Goderich; Capt. Junkin, to Berlin; Capt. Shaw, to Ridge town; Capt. Findlay, to Amherstburg; Capt. Robertson, to Drayton.

The following go to assist at District Headquarters:—Capt. Will, to Strathroy; Capt. Francis, Windsor; Capt. Sayers, to Petrolia; Capt. Huntingdon, to Chatham; Lieut. Houston, to Woodstock; Lieut. Howcroft goes up a notch, and takes charge of Leamington.

Now for a revival in every corps. Rally round the Blood-stained banner, dear comrades. "Faith and fury" will drive the foe. "According to your faith it shall it be done," that is, if it is accompanied by works.

Capt. McKeen has been to the Citadel. She hailed from Glen Rae, Petrolia outpost, where she reports sixteen souls. Five seekers marked the farewell of Capt. Baker at London. Ensign Lowry has now arrived, and her first Sunday has resulted in the capture six prisoners. Five souls cried for mercy at Ensign Gale's farewell at Woodstock, and five rebels have already surrendered at Sarnia. Dresden reaped two last Sunday.

A certain Captain has actually started, of her own spontaneous choice, to pay her rent due to Headquarters IN ADVANCE. Evidently she does not believe in being behind the times—the Scotch blood in her veins wouldn't allow her to do that.

Self-Denial is the next effort on the boards. What a luxury! The glutton believes in gluttony; the drunkard in drink; the worldling believes in pleasure and amusement; the proud in fashion and gaiety, but the Christian man and woman—the Christian, believes in self sacrifice and Self-Denial. What money is to the miser; what game is to the sportsman, Self Denial is to the Salvationist; nay, far more. He delights in it—glories in it. It brings richness, and sweetness, and health to his soul.

Don't go into the battle blindfold. Stand still Rub your eyes, open them wide. Survey the scene. Take in the situation Ask yourself, "What am I going to do?" "How am I going to do it?" "Who am I going to do it for?" "How much is Jehovah able to help me accomplish?" Use your brains. Put your wits together, and carefully lay your plans. See how much time, and tact, and strength, and energy you can throw into this one week. Do it in the same spirit that Jesus manifested in going to the Cross for you Drink the cup to its drege.

Four things cover the lot. 1. Pray. 2. Plan. 3 Give. 4 Get. Into these four channels pour your very soul, like you expect to pour out your praise when you stand before the Throne, on the sea of glass, and gaze upon the Christ once crucified and slain.

Do you say, "I have a hard time, and am in a hard shop!" Well, never mind, that's just the very place for Self-Denial, for, do you see, the harder the fight, and the more the flesh is crucified, the more fully do you possess the opportunity of meeting out the very idea which Self-Denial is intended to convey. It always means doing something beyond that which you feel you can do Comrade, comrade, rejoice and go forward to do or die for your Lord.

Ensign Cass and his good wife are having a severe trial. While his father-in law lay dying, Mrs. Cass was taken seriously ill with fever. He has returned to Tyrone, where Mrs. Cass is staying with her relatives.

Father and Mother Florence at Paris, Richwood, and Drumbo.—They arrived in Paris almost tired out, but, nevertheless, the people soon knew that they were in town by the sound of the big wagon and the shouts from Father Florence.

The mission was to collect for the Rescue Homes, which are feeding, and clothing, and reforming, and converting scores of helpless and homeless women and children. The open-air was most attractive. A large crowd gathered to hear the two specials. Young and old looked on in wonderment.

Then Mother asked for a "thumping, bumping, big collection." They did well, and she gave them a thumping, bumping, big sermon. Many a heart was touched as she told of the many that had been rescued.

RICHWOOD. Here they surprised the people somewhat by dropping in upon them; but the key was soon got, the church door soon opened, and the meeting in full swing. They were heartily welcomed. There are no prisoners in that village, no homeless children, and scarcely a drunkard, but they need a Saviour. The people gave willingly; a nice collection.

IN DRUMBO, the Town Hall was brightly lit up. There were only a few in the open-air as most of the soldiers, since the corps was closed, have taken up their abode in other places. It was a noisy crowd. Little children, from four years and upwards, were yelling and clapping stones, and everything else they could get to make a noise. Father shouted "Glory," and Mother told the story of many snatched from hell. Inside, they were noisy, but cooled down as Mother told them of how they were rescuing so many hopeless cases, and how God was saving and keeping them.—W. MCLAUCHLIN.

TERRA NOVA.—Once more the hand of friendship has been broken by the sailing of the steamer "Bonavista," bearing twenty of Newfoundland's sons and daughters.

Some of the older officers, who have fought for years in the front, and who had formed a large circle of friends all around the island, felt it deeply.

After all, it means something to stand and see a Salvationist leave home and all that is dear. Thank God, our treasures are not laid up on earth.

The "Bonavista," for sure, had a motley crowd. What with our twenty officers and two soldiers, and here were fourteen members of a theatre company, and what between us "Sallys" singing our choruses of cheer and inspiration, and some society friends of the theatrical troupe singing "Auld Lang Syne," and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, it was a send-off, and no mistake. Our prayer is that they might get the whole troupe saved.

In the midst of our farewells, we welcomed into our midst that brave woman "FRAE ABERDEAN" (Aberdeen), Ensign Rennie, who has come to take charge of St. Johns and the Training Garrison.

On Sunday, at both No. I. and II., we had the joy of seeing souls; one especially, a backslider, got jumping and yelling happy.

The Major has come home from his tour north. He looked like a man who had never shut his eyes.

The fishing fleet are returning daily from the Labrador. Fishing this year is a failure, and a feeling of uneasiness seems to pervade business circles. Fears are entertained that some of the business houses will suffer very severely from it.

The body of a man was found lying at the bottom of Signal Hill last Sunday morning in a fearfully mangled condition. Foul play is suspected. But, oh! the company that drink and sin brings round a man! God can save from this.

Souls! souls! souls! are reported all round the island. Hallelujah!

Our target is out for the winter months. We are going in for 263 new soldiers on our rolls.—SCRIBBLER.

Thedford and Parkhill people have been looking forward to a visit from Mrs. Brigadier Margetts. At last our turn came, bringing a blessing with it.

In the Sunday morning meeting Mrs. Margetts held up the standard of holiness. At night, men and women appeared earnestly to drink in every word, but when it came to the point of deciding, no one seemed ready.—E. COMSTOCK.

From the Emerald Isle to the Mineral Land, by Way of the Southern Cross.

SERGEANT-MAJOR REILLY (CONTINUED).

While in this state of mind he would go and lie down by his father's grave, and wish he was under the sod, so utterly friendless did he feel. But his heavenly Father, whom he knew not, was watching over him.

Soon after he

Emigrated to New Zealand.

It was on the voyage out that he saw Jesus as the sinner's Friend, and the light streamed into his soul while reading "Baxter's Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven" Although everyone seemed against him he had now a Friend to Whom he could go and tell all his troubles, and found peace and rest he had never known before.

On landing in Dunedin—the city where Captains Pollard and Wright (now Colonel and Major respectively) first unfurled the Army flag—and not finding work, he afterwards removed to Christchurch, where is now situated the Territorial Headquarters of the Salvation Army in New Zealand. In this city he found a few Christian friends belonging to the Church of England, who invited him to a Bible class, where he got much light on God's Word, which he now began to love.

About this time the native war broke out afresh, and he volunteered for active service While thus engaged he proved God's power to keep under very difficult circumstances, and found his Bible and communion with God very precious. When in action, and his

Comrades Killed and Wounded

all around him, he had a peace as calm as a river, knowing that whenever his turn came he was ready.

But there came a time, "after the war was over," when he had returned to civilian life, that the devil got him switched off the track by looking at the inconsistencies of professing Christians, instead of keeping his eye of faith on Jesus, the perfect example.

It was while in this state that he removed to Wellington, the Empire city of New Zealand, where the Wesleyans were holding revival services. He came "home once more," and was given a class in the Sunday school, where he first met his better half, who was also saved, and soon after settled down to the comfort of married life.

Spiritually all went well for a while, but how the devil watches the weak points in a man's character and lays his baits accordingly!

A minister does one thing wrong; a local preacher, or class-leader does something else, and the first thing he knows his eyes are off Jesus, like Peter on the water, and he begins to sink, and slowly but surely to slip away from his bright experience. This was the state that our comrade was in when in June, 1883 he saw big posters announcing that the Salvation Army, under Captains Ted Wright and J. Colby, would bombard Wellington on Sunday, commencing with 7 a. m. knee-drill. Not knowing what

This Peculiar Drill

meant, he was not interested enough to get up and see, but while passing the barracks to church at 11 a. m., he saw that there was something that gathered the crowd together. He went to see for himself at the afternoon free and easy, but while it was free, for him it was not easy to get in, the crowd was so great. It was led by Capt. Ted Wright (afterwards Major, and the first Governor of the Hadleigh Farm). Sinners were saved by the dozens. Our comrade successfully evaded those sent out to fish for souls for the first few nights, but his turn came. At last a soldier came and put the plain question:

"Are you saved, my brother?" His answer was, "I hope so" But that answer was not satisfactory to the fisher. The next shot, "Are you ready to die?" went home to his heart, although he did not yield that night, but soon after settled the matter with God.

Having regained peace through the instrumentality of the Army, he felt his place was there. His dear wife agreeing, they were enrolled at the first enrolment in Wellington, and on the first S. A. march there. The old song,

"We are marching home to glory,"

which seems identical with openings all the world over, with the chorus—

"There's a golden harp in glory,
There's a spotless robe for you;
March with us to the Hall-lujah City,
To the land beyond the blue,"

was the first he ever heard, or sang on an S. A. march, and whenever he hears it, the

Old War Memories

are vividly brought back to his mind.

(To be continued.)

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HOW THEY DIE!

"Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
that men call earth."

VICTORIA, B.C.—Never since the advent of the Salvation Army in our city, has it fallen to our lot to chronicle such a sorrowful event as has taken place during the past week.

The death-angel came into our midst, and snatched from us one, whose face has been so familiar in our meetings, that it is hard to realize the fact that he is gone for ever, and the seat that he occupied almost every night, being taken by another.

It was all so sudden; only two weeks ago on a Sunday afternoon, he came into the barracks, and was

Carried Out in a Faint

by some of his companions, who were bound to him by close ties of friendship, and who loved him even more than a brother.

The next day he entered the hospital, and before many hours had passed, he lapsed into a state of unconsciousness, out of which he was called to leave all that earth held dear to him, and two Sundays after, within an hour of the time that he had been taken out living, the same loving hands bore his lifeless remains from the barracks to the hearse that awaited them outside.

Hundreds looked on the form that lay cold in death, as the casket rested on the colors of the organization that he had loved so in life, and many a tear was shed in the meeting held in the barracks before the funeral.

There was scarcely standing room, for CHARLIE BUTLER had been known and loved by people all over the city.

Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald, assisted by Captain Thomas, led, and there,

In the Presence of the Dead,

God spoke, and His voice was heard.

The two front seats were filled with young men who had been his companions for months and years, and with breaking hearts mourned their loss.

Thank God, before the day closed, some of them came to the One Who "gave, and hath taken away."

After a most solemn and impressive service, the procession formed up in line, and marched to Ross Bay Cemetery.

"The Sons of St. George,"

to which society our brother belonged, came in a body, and joined with us.

Crowds thronged the sidewalks, and followed the march along the streets, and were brought face to face with the realities of eternity. On arriving at the cemetery, Adjutant read the burial service, and our brother's body was laid to rest until the Resurrection Morning.

The barracks was crowded again for the night meeting, which was a memorial service, and the Spirit of God dealt with every heart present. Before we closed, six had volunteered out for salvation.

We thank Him for this, and pray that ere long many more to whom He is calling will have surrendered. ANNIE REILLY.

FREDERICTON.—ERNEST PORTER, aged fourteen, who was saved in January, 1892, and fought faithfully ever since, in the midst of evil surroundings, has been called to the realms of glory, after a short illness, very suddenly.

On Sunday afternoon we gave him an Army funeral. Although it was raining hard, yet a large crowd of people gathered to pay their last respects

To the Lad who had been True

to his God. At the funeral, both at his home and the grave, the spirit of God could be felt working upon the people.

The memorial meeting in the evening was a touching time, and as the story of his godly life and triumphant death was told, many hearts were moved, and eight souls sought the Saviour, and vowed they would live on earth so as to be able to meet dear Ernest in heaven.

Among the number saved was Ernest's brother, one for whom he had prayed ever since God had saved him.

He was a regular attendant at the Junior meetings, and used to sing solos, his favorite chorus was:

"I'm going to the land that's above me,
I am going to my home on high;
I'm going there to see my blessed Jesus,
Where Salvation soldiers never die."

Among his last words were these: "I'm not afraid; I am ready to die."

Sinner, prepare to meet your God.

CAPT. BYERS.

RECONCILIATION WEEK.

Third Week in December.

MELODIES OF ZION.

TUNE—*There's mercy still for thee.* (B.J. 15.)

1 Oh, sinner, travelling on the way
That leads to dark despair,
Oh, stop, and for a moment think
What sin and woe are there.
Oh, turn, and to your Saviour flee,
Oh, come, He waits for thee;
He's waiting now, oh, come away,
There's mercy still for thee.

CHORUS.

There's mercy still for thee, etc.

Oh, think of how you've slighted Him,
And spurned His offered grace,
And still He stands, invites you still,
How can you stay away?
O, sinner, don't neglect His call,
But come, He waits for thee,
And though you've oft rejected Him,
There's mercy still for thee.

Oh, think of how you've grieved your Lord,
Provoked Him to His face,
And still He stands and offers you
Salvation without price.
God's Spirit will not always strive,
The time will surely come
When you will pray, and pray in vain,
For mercy will be gone.

2ND CHORUS.

There's mercy still for thee,
There's mercy still for thee,
And though you've oft rejected Him,
There's mercy still for thee.

—:—

TUNE—*I will follow Thee, my Saviour.* (B.J. 1.)

2 In a little Army barracks
Sat a dear young man one night,
He was wrong, his own heart told him,
But he longed to be put right.
One by one rose earnest soldiers,
Telling of a Christ Who died,
Pleading with the guilty sinner
To come and lay all sin aside.

CHORUS.

I will follow Thee, my Saviour.

Then a clear, sweet voice was singing,
"Come away to Jesus now,
"Oft you've put at naught His counsels,
Come, and at His footstool bow."
All around seemed utter darkness,
And his soul was filled with doubt;
Could this Saviour make his heart clean?
Could He turn the devil out?

Then a voice that seemed quite near him,
Spoke so loudly to his heart,
"Once before you tried and failed, and
Dare you make another start?"
List, another voice is saying,
"Come, ye wandering one to Me,
I have waited long and sought thee,
Come, My boy, and be set free."

Strike your harps, ye saints in glory!
See him kneeling at the Cross;
Hear him cry, "Oh, Lord, have mercy,
Take away all sin and dross!"
Did He do it? See him standing,
See, his face now seems to shine;
Hear him say, "I am converted,
I am Christ's and He is mine!"

Watch him work behind the counter!
Watch him at the home he boards!
Ask of those with whom he mingles,
If he is not all the Lord's!
Now we leave him, and may Jesus,
By His strong and mighty power,
Keep him humble, keep him faithful,
Pressing forward every hour.

LIEUT. KEMP, Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

—:—

TUNE—*I will follow the Lamb;* or, *I am a child of a King.*

3 We are soldiers for Jesus, we march through the land,
For God and His kingdom we've taken our stand;
We are warning poor sinners of the judgment to come,
Though the world fight against us we marching along.

CHORUS.

We are marching along, (Repeat.)
The Salvation Army is marching along.

There is a dandy young dude, as he carries his cane,
You would think he was honored for wealth and for fame;
"He never could lower himself," is his song,
So we pray for our brother and go marching along.

Then there is the drunkard who comes to our place,
His clothes they are tattered, a sad look on his face;
We tell him of Jesus, Who'll forgive all his wrong,
So he joins in our numbers and marches along.

WM. MCLAUGHLIN, S. C., Paris.

TUNE—*Stand up, stand up for Jesus.* (B.J. 23.)

4 I'm glad I heard the story
Of Jesus and His love,
He left His home in glory
That I might live above.
My sins He has forgiven,
And washed my black heart white,
And now I'm going to heaven,
I'm walking in the light.

CHORUS.

The day of victory's coming.

Since I have got salvation,
Farewell to earthly dross!
Come joy or tribulation,
I'm clinging to the Cross!
For Jesus now I'm living,
What fellowship is mine!
My all to Him I've given,
My talents and my time.

We'll bravely fight for Jesus,
And never quit the field;
We'll fight, and we will conquer,
And never, never yield.
For Jesus He has promised
To be our faithful friend;
Then forward to the conflict,
We'll trust Him to the end.

SERGT. MAY LANG.

TUNE—*Tho' the waves rise higher.*

5 We are soldiers of God, and we're marching along,
To that city so bright and so fair;
Where the walls are of Jasper, its gates are of pearl,
Oh, what must it be to be there!

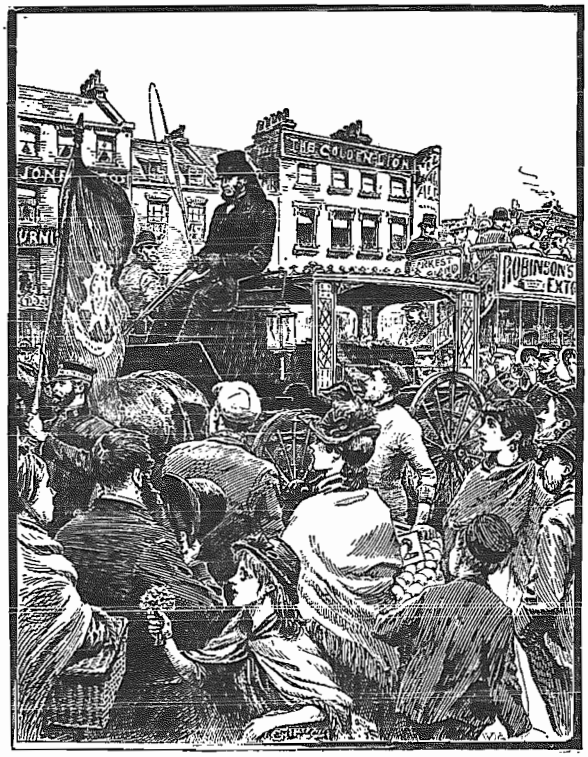
CHORUS.

Tho' the billows may roll, and the tempest howl,
Yet my Pilot will bring me through;
I need not fear, for I know He'll be near,
While to Him I am faithful and true.

In that city of light there our friends are at rest,
Safely sheltered from pain and care;
No devil can come in that beautiful home,
Oh, what must it be to be there!

Methinks I can see that bright glorified throng,
Who walked with the Saviour down here;
Who took up their cross and followed the Lamb,
With His help I shall meet them up there.

CAPT. PENNEY, Amherst, N.S.



"Inside—alone in the darkened parlor, a girl was clasping an oaken coffin, and sobbing wildly. The others had all said their good-bye, and passed out. They were praying in another room. The sound of their voices was borne to the girl through the half-open door.

"'Oh, Robert, Robert!' she wailed, crushing her head into the lilies that filled the room with their subtle fragrance, 'Oh, Robert, Robert! it's all right for you, but—oh, it's so hard to lose you!'

"'Square,' was what his comrades said about his earthly doings.

"'If Robert had known he was going to get out of it for good the Tuesday night he went away from the office, he couldn't have left things more clear up to date; there wasn't a hitch anywhere,' was the blunt way one put it. His fellow-soldiers, and those who knew his inner life and spiritual work, said the same, in a little different words.

"Small wonder, then, he lay smiling in his coffin, as only those whose spiritual records are 'clear up to date' can smile."
—*From "Salvation Army Sacraments," by Eileen Douglas, in All the World, for October, '94.*

TUNE—*The grace of God, it is so sweet.* (B. J. 40.)

6 Oh, sinner, come without delay,
And walk upon the narrow way;
Repent, and give up every sin,
The Saviour waits to take you in.

CHORUS.

The grace of God.

The hours of life will soon be o'er,
The voice of mercy call no more:
Before your God you must appear,
Oh, how you'll quake with guilty fear!

The Spirit wants your answer now,
Come, humbly at His footstool bow;
And then go forth in Jesus' might,
To walk for ever in the light.

MRS. ENSIGN MALTBY, Seaforth.

—:—

TUNE—*I His soldier sure shall be.* (B R. 64.)

7 I have heard of Jesus' love,
How He left His home above,
Left His glory-circled throne,
Came to bring the wand'rer home;
How He died to set us free,
Bore our sins on Calvary's tree.

Sinners, come to Him to-day,
Let Him take your sins away;
Come before it is too late,
Lest you be outside the gate;
He will all your sins forgive—
Jesus died that you might live.

Now, my comrades in the fight,
Keep on walking in the light;
Let Salvation colors wave,
Jesus died poor souls to save;
Let us help Him day and night
Bring the sinners to the light.

A. L. S.

—:—

TUNE—*Bless me now.* (B J. 51, 121.)

8 Saviour, to Thy Cross I'm coming,
From all sin to be set free;
Thou hast said the Blood could cleanse me,
Give me perfect victory.

CHORUS.

I believe, I believe the Blood can cleanse me now.

Long my heart has sighed for freedom,
Longed to follow all the way;
Longed for nothing but Thy favor
And Thy smile from day to day.

Jesus, I am Thine forever,
I've been bought by Blood alone;
Naught from Thee my soul shall sever,
Take me, use me as Thine own.

2ND CHORUS.

I believe, I believe the Blood does cleanse me now. (Repeat.)

KATTIE ALLEN, Kingston.

QUERY.

Do you drink tea? If so, read this. Have you tried our Jubilee Blends? They are acknowledged to be among the best, for purity and flavor. Splendid value for your money. Can be had, either mixed or black, in the following qualities:

Quality No. 1—50 cents per pound.
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The Commissioner desires to gratefully acknowledge the following Gifts and Donations towards the Social Wing:

VICTORIA RESCUE HOME.—Mr. Goodacre, meat; Mrs. Parkins, plums and rhubarb; Mr Reilly, cabbage; Bros. Clark and Barber, butter and eggs; Domestic Bakery, bread; Scotch Bakery, bread; Friend, per Bro. Hearns, apples; Bro. Bromwell, $2; Mrs. Jackson, $1; Mr. Goodacre, meat; Mr. Dearden, fish; Friend, plums; Bros. Clarke and Barber, butter.

TORONTO RESCUE HOME.—Mrs. Nevil, Port Colbourn 50c.; Mrs. Clarke, Port Colbourn, 20c.; Mrs. Cook, Port Colbourn, 25c.; Mrs. Deck, P. Colbourn, 25c.; Mrs. Turnbull, Port Colbourne, 50c.; Mrs. Norcross, Port Colbourn 50c.; Mrs. McCullough, 50c.; Dr. Sparrow, 25c.; T. Eaton, per Mrs. Booth, $10; Mrs. Sutherland, 25c.; Mrs. Major Fry, 25c.; Captain Adams 25c.; Mrs. Major Streeton, 25c.; Lieut. Perks, 25c.; Ensign Horn, 25c.; Mr. Cartwright, Gananoque, $3; Friends, per Mrs. Booth, $3; Mrs. Ellis, $1; Capt. Tiarney, 25c.; Mrs. Perry, 25c.; Miss Shipe, 50c.; Mrs. Sutherland, 25c.; Friend, 50c.; Mr. McKillop, 50c.; Mr. Lily, 25c.; Mrs. Duff, 25c.; Lieut. Perks, 25c.; Major Friedrich, 25c.; Captain Adams, 25c.; Mr Cartwright $3; Mrs. Major Fry 25c.; Mrs Major Streeton, 25c.; Mr Massey, $1.25; Mrs. Harvey, $1.50; per Mrs. Booth, $3; Mr. Gravett, 75c.; Miss May Hall, $5; Mr. McKillop, 50c.; Mrs. Sutherland, 25c.; Mrs Perry, 60c; Friend, 40c.; Friends, parcel clothing; Mrs. Goodwin, pickles and preserves; Mr. Morris, meat; Mr. Schmidt, bread; Mr. Penny, meat; Mr. Verril, meat; Mr. Doole, bread; Mr. Snow, buns; Mr. Mansell, meat; Mr. Lobis, meat; W. Chanthers, meat; Mr. Armstrong, bread; Mr. Malzard, meat; T. Chanther, meat; R. Jose, bread and buns; Mr. Collard, meat; Mr. Vogan, meat; F. Dale, bread; Mr. Constable, bread and buns; Mr. Devey, meat; Mr. Woodroffe, bread; Mr. Tait, bread; Mr. Hammond, meat; Mr. Worthington, bread; Mr. Loyde, bread; Hammond & Offord, cakes and buns; Mr. Davidson, meat; D. Smith, bread and cakes; G. W. Manley, meat.

"He Saved Others, Himself He Cannot Save."

THE WATCH-KEEPER OF THE DEVIL'S GULCH BRIDGE.

The Train With its Living Cargo Arrested on the Brink of the Abyss.

BUT WHERE WAS CARL?

We Admire This Hero on Crutches, but the Self-Forgetfulness and Self-Sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Comes Nearer Home.

Will You Prove Your Gratitude to Your Saviour by Your Self-Denial?

CARL SPRINGEL WAS THE LAME SON OF A RAILWAY OFFICIAL in South Germany. Wilhelm Springel, his father, among other duties performed that of keeping watch on stormy nights over the great bridge known as the Devil's Gulch Bridge, which spanned a terrible cleft in the rocks, two hundred feet wide and a hundred and fifty deep.

In the ravine below, a mountain stream struggled and fought its way into the valley—deep, deep down it seemed to lie at ordinary times, but in winter weather the stream became

A Torrent of Tremendous Force,

and rose to a terrific height

Such a sudden swell took place after twenty hours of heavy and continued rain.

Wilhelm Springel was, of course, on duty all day, and, not coming home towards evening, Carl set out to pay him a visit at his post, carrying with him his father's supper,

The night was one of black darkness, but the lame lad struggled along on his crutches, the breath half blown out of his feeble body, his ears dinned by

The Fury of the Storm.

He was within a hundred yards of the bridge—renowned in the neighborhood as a triumph of engineering skill—when a stronger blast than usual made him totter on his crutches, while, at the same moment, an awful crash made itself heard above the raging of the storm.

It was—it could be nothing else but the bridge giving way, Carl felt sure.

In an agony of haste and terror, he pushed on towards the spot, calling frantically on his father's name. But how could he hear him through the tumult?

The lad pressed on still further. He was on the railroad track now, and the first object he stumbled against was his father's hand-truck, the red light yet burning on it, but no father near.

And beyond that—ten yards further? Ah, the sight was too awful!

The dim glare of the lantern showing

A Cruel Gap

where the bridge had been; a fearful chaos of shattered masonry and timber, and boiling waters.

"Father, father!" cried Carl again in his horror, but no voice answered.

"He has gone down with the bridge!" shrieked the poor fellow.

For a second or two, he lingered as if paralyzed by the sight of the fearful chasm, holding tightly the useless supper can; then a sudden thought filled his soul to overflowing, and gave him new strength to do and dare.

The Night Train!

That was due. If father lay below in that awful gulf, who would warn it of its danger?

Who would hold it back from that leap into nothingness which it must inevitably take if left to pursue its course unchecked

"I must do it," said Carl with clenched teeth.

Up above no signal was shining; there was only one lame boy and a few moments of time to save a train full of human beings.

The boy threw away his crutches, climbed on to his father's truck, and worked it steadily back towards the great city.

What mattered it that he steered straight

Into the Jaws of Death?

He should stop the train; he would make the driver see him and learn the danger ahead.

It was all as Carl knew it would be.

Round the curve of the mountain, like a glittering serpent, came the night train speeding on—ever nearer, nearer, till the line trembled under its weight.

Then Carl stood up as well as he was able on his truck, and raised the red light wildly above his head, waving it backwards and forwards to attract the notice of the engine-driver. He had lost all sense of personal danger; he was only bent on saving the train.

"The Bridge—the Bridge is Down!" Shrieked the Boy

Only just in time came the warning. The engine driver, always on his guard at this spot, turned off the steam, and the train, with its crowd of living beings, was arrested on the brink of the abyss.

But where was Carl the while? Carl and the truck?

Hurled into the air by the on-coming train, the boy was never again to be recognized as the living Carl Springel, but was found afterwards a lifeless and mangled corpse among the rocks.

* * *

A tombstone stands in a graveyard in South Germany, on which glitters in letters of gold this inscription:—

"CARL SPRINGEL,
AGED 14.

He died the death of a hero and martyr, and saved two hundred lives."

"LET HIM DENY HIMSELF."

The surrender of sin is an obligatory, and must therefore be an instantaneous, thing. The surrender of our natural "life" is a voluntary, and therefore may be and generally is, a progressive thing. The corn of wheat must fall into the ground and die or else it abideth alone. So the soul can remain *one* saved soul—"*alone*" But if it would save others, it must consent to die. The old grain will become the manure of the new plant, as our natural life is the manure of the spiritual. And only thus can the corn of wheat multiply. A man to be a "disciple" must "hate" his own life—in order to re-find it. The new-potato plant, as it lives on and grows out of the decay of the old one and brings forth its crop, is only another illustration of the process of combustion producing force, and the salvation of men by the dying of others. We are called to die, like Christ, to save men; the *only* difference between His death and ours being that it was also an *expiatory* one, and therefore it was not till it was accomplished that He could send forth the "Fire" in Pentecostal form. But could anything have been more completely and truly a surrendered and passive pile of fuel than that apostolic gathering in the Upper Room? And how they at once started out, like Him, to bear their cross daily and burn to light up the world!—*From "The Red Religion," by* COMMISSIONER ARTHUR BOOTH-CLIBBORN, *in "All the World" for October.*

THE man who gives much to the poor doesn't leave much for the thieves to steal.

A CHRISTIAN without a cross is like a flower without scent, or a candle without flame.—MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

THE GENERAL

In the "City of Churches."

THE ARMY'S AMERICAN BIRTH-PLACE.

A Social and Salvation Revolution in a Small Way.

SPECIALLY REPORTED FOR THE TORONTO "WAR CRY."

BY ENTHUSIAST.

The General is a match for the Americans, a statement which I submit in no offensive spirit. I simply mean that he is sweeping through the continent, invading city after city. Before he is half-a-dozen hours inside the walls (rather an imported phrase for "Enthusiast," Editor) he has turned their boomerangs of hurrahs and welcomes upon themselves, won their admiration on the one hand and stung them to the conscience-quick on the other.

The General's first meeting is as a rule devoted to salvation, or holiness, or both. People come up in crowds out of curiosity to it to hear and see the great founder of the S. A. Parsons gather by the score round his platform, or sit down in true Yankee leisure to listen to the orthodox diequisition; well-to-do and religious folks fill the reserved seats, with and without opera-glasses, to study the "fine old man," as he is getting to be styled.

* * *

But, oh, my, what a surprise! Instead of the conventional "Mr. Chairman and Christian friends, it is with a profound and unfeigned sense of gratitude that I acknowledge your greetings and will now proceed to give my lecture upon ———," the General rises as if he had lived in the city his lifetime and knew every man Jack of his audience, and taking the song-book from the leader (*pro tem*) says:

"'From all the sins over which I have wept, cleansing for me.' Ah! here is something substantial: cleansing! Think of it! ALL my sins! The sins of my youth, the sins of my manhood, the sins done in secret, in private, in public, heart-sins, hand-sins, head-sins, eye-sins, ear-sins, thought-sins, open, wicked sins; all! all!! all!!!

"He first meant more than that, too; He intended to write, 'From all the SIN (not sins, merely) over which I have wept and not wept, there is cleansing for me.' Not only a new name, but a new nature; not only pardon of evil, but deliverance from its grip! Sing it, sing it now."

* * *

This way of beginning business licks, I say, the Yankee. It is a new thing to him. He comes expecting to hear something different. He leaves with mixed feelings, perhaps, unless he has gone to the penitent form, which hundreds have already done, thank God, and then he says, "Ah! this is the religion of thorough. The General is a general—no wasting time with him over flummeries of speech: like his Master he is intent upon his Father's business."

But here I am describing the General instead of some of the up to date particular features of the American campaign. Forgive me.

* * *

I've just come from Philadelphia, where nothing short of a revolution, in a small way, has transpired. Philadelphia is famous, as you know, for William Penn's quiet invasion and peaceful victory over the aborigines, and his ultimate founding of the city. It is also famous for its size. If Montreal and Toronto were joined together Philadelphia would still have the best of it. The city possesses the largest park in the world, gives handsome facilities for artisans to become house and land proprietors. It is called the "City of Churches and Brotherly Love." But from our standpoint it is principally significant from the fact that it was here the yellow, red, and blue first began to wave on this side of the Atlantic. The Salvation Army in America was born in an old store in an out-of-the-way part of Philadelphia.

* * *

The General's visit was, therefore, interesting from two facts; first, as a matter of history, and secondly as an indication of what the Army may become throughout the States. For, to be quite candid, it has not been smooth sailing here—no fault of ours, however; oh, dear, no. It was here where the renegade Moore did us the most harm, and thereby stayed our progress for years. The discredit of his movement fell upon our heads, and for a time we were submerged. But it is a long lane that has no turning. The head of the S. A. is well up to-day. The nasty corner is rounded at last, and it is very nice to feel that, hard as the struggle has been, we bear no ill to anybody.

* * *

Now, follow me, if you have patience, while I recount the events of the three days—Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

* * *

FRIDAY. The General billeted with the Rev. Dr. Turner, and after a snack of lunch walked down to the Association Hall and talked to 200 auxiliaries, all swells, 200 parsons, three or four bishops, and a sprinkling of wealthy tradespeople. Bishop Nicholson presided. The General rattled off a few answers to posers of questions in a style that made one gent say, "Well, this alone is worth the dollar bill I put into the box" What delighted me most, however, was the comprehensive and logical address of the General upon the inner life and work of the Army.

At night the Academy of Music was gorged with 5,000 people, to hear the General upon the Social scheme.

The Hon. T. Wanamaker, Postmaster General in the late Republican Government, presided, and said General Booth was the only General the United States would surrender to—a statement which sent the 400 soldiers on the stage into ecstacy

Bishop Foss spoke kindly about the Army, but Dr. Pierson held the field. Dr. Pierson is, as your readers are aware, the gentleman who almost succeeded in becoming Charles Spurgeon's successor in London. In a noble speech he said, "Let this good work go on; General Booth has been maligned and persecuted by many who are to-day, his friends.

* * *

The General spoke for an hour and a-half and carried the critical, and yet friendly mass along a line of argument, appeal, and fact until they broke loose in rapturous and frequent applause. A grand speech.

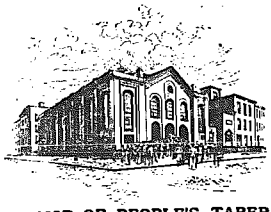
* * *

Previous to this meeting the General held a "reception" in Dr. Lowrie. Fifteen bishops were present, and the leading lights of the city.

* * *

SATURDAY. "Rest" was the word on the program for the day, but like a tiger that tastes blood, the General insisted upon doing a salvation meeting at night in the Association Hall. Some people think the General is reckless in adding these meetings to his program. And so he is. What is the good of a general that isn't? While such conduct, I admit, goes very near the precipice of presumption it inspires followers and makes warriors. The Lord rewarded the General on this occasion with ten souls, some being splendid captures, as I can testify, having dealt with several.

SUNDAY Was the last day of the feast, and will rank as one of the brightest in the General's history. The morning meeting (1200) was A1. One dozen yielded. The Baptist Temple (4,500) was packed in the afternoon. It is a question if ever a

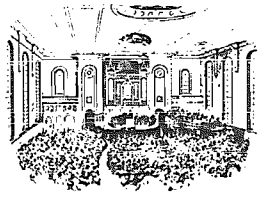


EXTERIOR OF PEOPLE'S TABERNACLE, Jersey City, N.J.—"Nearly Time to Commence."

finer audience assembled in this city to hear any man. Back to the Association Hall at night; found the General as young as ever, revelling in stabbing the hidden secrets of the evil heart, etc., leading sinners to the Cross.

* * *

Such are the leading events. Their bearing upon the local corps must be immense. We have only three corps and two slum posts in this vast city; but Major Halpin assured me that it is simply a question of



PEOPLE'S TABERNACLE, Jersey City —A Rousing Meeting.

time now when they will go ahead. As a matter of fact another is about to be added.

* * *

I repeat, however, that a revolution in a small way has taken place. The General's visit has been a sort of climax to the good work done by Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth. The Army has been brought to the front. It looked even advertisement till twelve months ago. The press is half, if not two-thirds, converted to a friendly recognition of our work. The

THREE SONGSTERS.

churches give, ungrudgingly, the right hand of fellowship, and the slum lasses and *War Cry* brigades are gradually undermining the prejudice of the degraded. The soldiers were well out in uniform; their spirit was healthy and enthusiastic.

* * *

It may interest you to know that Staff-Captain Malan is devoting himself to the Italians; he has had one or two good meetings among them. Colonel Lawley's whiskers are a target for the reporters. His last words to me were, "Old, boy, the love of souls is what we want." The *War Cry* man is well in. He desires to be remembered to his Editorial chums, and as for myself, I like America, but, for the present, prefer Canada.

FREE!

Just out. The CUSTOMERS' GUIDE through the Salvation Army Trade Headquarters, Toronto, containing full information and complete Price List of every department. Sent free on application to any address. Apply to the Trade Secretary, Toronto.

Toronto Friday Night Campaign.

THE COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH CONTINUE THE SPECIAL MEETINGS.

Last Friday's meeting was a distinct improvement. Much more liberty was enjoyed. There was scarcely a flagging in the string of testimonies, many of which were edifying in the extreme.

* * *

We supply a few points from the Commandant's reading in Genesis xxxii, on Jacob, the supplanter, wrestler, and prevailer, was dealt with in an interesting and penetrating fashion.

Respecting the first characteristic of Jacob, the Commandant said, "There are lots of people who pass for honest men in the world who are, in God's sight, veritable deceivers. They are right with others, but not with God, and are all the time playing a trick with their consciences. Jacob, the supplanter, and deceiver."

"And Jacob was left alone."

Now that little paragraph seems to me to indicate a state of soul to which everyone must come if they are going to seek and find this true blessing of a clean heart. "Left alone," seems only another way of saying he was entirely separated from his surroundings and circumstances, and there is a sense in which we, all of us, must come to that absolute separation from all that would hinder our course of happiness, holiness, and usefulness, if we are to put ourselves into that true attitude whereby God may give us this His most priceless of heavenly gifts. May God bring us all to this attitude to-night.

* * *

Speaking of *wrestling*, the Commandant said:—

"One reason that prevents some people from getting this blessing is simply because they never really deep down in their soul earnestly desire it with that yearning desire and passionate longing, which might be expressed in the word "wrestling" for it. While it is *desirable* for them, it has not become to them that 'Pearl of greatest price,' seeing the value of which they esteem it to be worth while to sell all that they have and go and purchase that particular Pearl."

* * *

Following Jacob's bold reply, "I will not let Thee go," he said very likely will come the next question, "What is thy name?" or, in other words, "What is thy confession?" You are wrestling with Me, praying to Me, desiring of Me, you want My blessing and power, but who and what are you; I must know who I am giving My blessing to. What is the character of this man here who wrestles with Me? (How that question must have penetrated Jacob's heart!)

And so, perhaps, some to-night will say, "Oh, Lord, I'd like to have this blessing," and the first query that will have to come right back from the Throne of God deep into your soul will be, "What is thy name? What manner of man are you in your deepest heart? In that secret chamber what are you?" For, be sure, God will never deal with you in any other personality but what you *are* before Him. And, therefore, there will have to come a time when you say to the Lord, "I am what I am," before you shall experience that He is what He is, and God comes to you to-night as He came to Jacob, and says, "What is thy name?"

And Jacob, answering him back as an honest man, said, "*Jacob*. That is my name. That is my fault, my failing, my difficulty. This deceiving, supplanting, cunning, onte, sharp trickster is what I am—is my name and character. I confess and admit it, and put it down before Thy altar." And so we want you to-night to say, "Oh, that is my character. I won't try to paint it, or make it better or worse. I will simply put myself down at this altar as I am. My character, perhaps, is envy, slander, love of the world, deceit, lust, pride, shame, a stammering tongue, a powerless life, a heart without courage, and without the fire of the Holy Ghost." Admit yourself to be what you are.

* * *

And then how quickly came the answer, "Thy name . . . and hast prevailed." He was converted out of a supplanter into a prince. And so you can deal with God as a Prince, a man having authority. You can look up into heaven and say, "I am what I am. Look me through. I claim Thy blessing, Thy promise, and I put my foot down on the rock of Thy Word. Thou art bound to help me."

Now the Lord Jesus Christ to-night, by His power and Spirit manifest in this hall, can come and deliver you just as completely from your besetting sins as He did Jacob when He changed his name and nature in the midnight hour.

Mrs. Booth followed with an animated eloquent address. Interspersing her remarks with verses of song which seemed to bless all hearts.

Notes from Friday's Meeting.

Are you an all-round saint? So many people are only two-thirds saintly. Be a symmetrical saint.—MRS. BOOTH.

Some soldiers are better at parading the drawing-room than fighting on the field of battle.—MRS. BOOTH.

I trust I shall go through the world a person who is willing to become a fool, "not level-headed," as they say, but loyal and true to the interests of Jesus Christ. (Amens.)—MRS. BOOTH.

It's time to stop counting the cost and begin fighting.—MRS. BOOTH.

Put on the armor, and keep it on.—MRS. BOOTH.

It is a satisfying and pleasant thing to eat and drink, and when it becomes your meat and drink to do the will of God, it will be pleasant and a delight.—BRIGADIER HOLLAND.

Have you got Christianity on the march?

Can you fight?

"Before you start on the warfare count the cost." This you did, but you have been sitting down counting the cost ever since.

"Oh, life-reviving flood," was the line of the song upon which the Commandant was commenting. "It's life! *life!!* LIFE!!! you want. Not education; not profession. God won't ask how much you have heard about His Gospel. He will ask *how much of it you have practised?* What's the good of a corpse? It has eyes, brain, hands, muscles, and all the parts of a living organism, except *life*: and though that corpse be the body of your own father or child, you will say, 'Bury it out of my sight, it's dead.' But if by some miraculous process the poor, pale thing could have LIFE restored to it, how soon you would clasp it to your heart. If we would be clasped to the heart of God, *life* must be in us—DIVINE LIFE.

It is by His complete sacrifice that we have a complete salvation, and it is by our complete self-sacrifice that we become instrumental in saving others.—THE COMMANDANT.

Ensign Frith, after many attempts to obtain the blessing at the penitent-form, says she got up still feeling very *Frithy*, but in the quiet of her own room one day the Lord came and she died. Since then she says she realizes she was crucified with Christ, and He lives in her.

WANTED!

CANDIDATES

FOR THE

Rescue Work.

Don't You Hear the Piteous Cry for Help that Quivers in Anguish Through the Air?

ON EVERY SIDE your sisters are stumbling and falling over the cruel precipice of vice and shame, yet you never stir a finger to help them—though they perish miserably!

Don't you suppose your songs of devotion and consecration must stink in the nostrils of the Almighty, when you leave to perish the souls for whom the life-blood of His Son was shed?

WANTED — WOMEN of force and fire, with hearts full of the Christ-love, who realize they are called by God to come out from the comfort and ease of home.

WANTED—Women of sound health, of body and soul, with strong common sense, with divine tact and grace, with courage to stand at the verge of the sharp declivity with outstretched hands to save those precious souls slipping fast into ghastly ruin.

WANTED—WOMEN FOR THE RESCUE WORK!

Apply to MRS. BOOTH, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

Calgary.—Five precious souls. A novelty march. We nearly all dressed up in a comical way; one brother like a dude, and another like a North-West Indian, with his face painted and feathers in his hat, with a regular "nitchey" (Indian) blanket around him, headed the procession, then followed all sorts of colors and remarkable dresses, causing no small stir on the streets. A goodly crowd came, where a lively and kind of out-of-the rut meeting was held.—Lieut. DAVIDSON.

Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth. —I. Cor. x, 24.

November 22nd — THE — November 22nd

COMMANDANT

* * * AT UXBRIDGE * * *

COMMANDANT

THE RAILS LAID DOWN

— FOR —

The C. O. P. Self-Denial Train.

If any man will come after Me let him deny himself.—JESUS.

TORONTO.—A successful officers' meeting in the city, dealt with the great week of Self-Denial. All the city officers were present, and the rails were laid down on which to run the Self-Denial train.

For none of us liveth to himself.—PAUL.

The Brigadier was present, and assisted by Mrs. de Barritt, gave us many suggestions as to the way to make S.-D. week one of glorious victory, blessing, and success.

And I wept, mourned, prayed, and fasted before the God of Heaven.—NEHEMIAH.

After the council, Captains Gibbs and May had very kindly provided us with a nice repast. A council was formed to inquire into the S.-D. hand-books used in the city last year, to hunt up the defaulters, and profit by the conquerors of last year's result, also to form plans for this year.

Keep therefore the words of this covenant.—MOSES.

At night a united meeting was held in the Riverside barracks at which nearly all the city officers took an active part.

Finally, brethren, be of one mind, having compassion one of another.—PETER.

A nice crowd, some interesting testimonies.

Christ also suffered for us leaving us an example that ye should follow in His steps.—PETER. ENSIGN TURNER

As ye abound in everything—in faith, and utterance, and knowledge, . .—see that ye abound in this grace also. —II. Cor. viii, 7.

A Happy Family Gathering.

COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH PRESIDE.

COLONEL NICOL'S SAY.

Colonel Nicol, whose fame had evidently preceded him to Toronto, was welcomed with a vigor and heartiness by the Territorial, Provincial, and Field officers of Toronto that spoke volumes for the Salvationism of the Toronto staff and field.

The occasion on which this was done was at the orthodox welcome tea in room near Jubilee hall, presided over by our beloved leaders, Commandant and Mrs Booth. And what a crowd there were there, to be sure! Every department of the concern sent its representatives, bright and smiling; even the babies were not forgotten. Ensign Horn held his precious little one to his heart, as happy and proud a father as may be found in all the Dominion.

* * *

But we are cramped for space, so here's to business.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth sat at the head of the tables; grouped around them were the heads of departments, and on the Commandant's right sat Colonel Nicol, looking, as was meet, very happy; moreover, the Colonel seems to have acquired the ability to "laugh and grow fat," for he is much more rubicund than ever we knew him before.

The Commandant, thoroughly *en rapport* with each individual in the happy crowd, called for a few words of welcome to be tendered the Colonel from the chief officers around. Brigadier de Barritt, the versatile and ubiquitous, made a neat speech, including also a welcome to the Commandant, which he regretted being unable to render at our leader's recent welcoming home. There were roars of laughter and much table-banging, which threatened demolition to the crockery, as each speaker rose and had his little say. It was a family gathering, sure enough, and yet we think the Commandant's prayer, so pictorially expressed, was answered, viz: "We salute this Thy courageous soldier as we pass on the sea of life; *may the exchange of salutes leave a blessing with us each.*"

* * *

Mrs. Booth, who as usual with her Toronto officers, was received with exuberant expressions of affection, beautifully expressed the sincerity and heartiness of her welcome to the great London Editor, and set us all the excellent example of brevity.

* * *

When the commotion had subsided, on Colonel Nicol's rising to reply, he began in cool Scotch by quoting the statement that some men are born great, but others have greatness thrust upon them, and he was in the position of the latter to-night. (Applause) Then the Colonel "got away," and, my word, how the sparks did fly; he made the anvil ring every time. Being known as a great traveller, a close associate of the General, and occupying one of the most important sphere-pivots in the whole Army, his opinions were accounted of some weight.

* * *

He said he envied us the leadership we have, and wished he had a commission to kidnap the Commandant, who was to him one of the best living exponents of salvation fight and pluck. He had just left the General. The General's last words were, "Nicol, go to Canada and tell the Commandant his General is full of hope for the future," (Amens) "and the permanent impression left on my mind after the events of the last few weeks is that the Army is adapted for Canada's needs as much as for those of any other country." (Applause.) As to the difficulties, he liked a fight, it was his natural element.

The scenes in New York at the Congress had been glorious, but to attain that high-water mark of success it had been necessary to do seven years hard plod. If an illustration was wanted of Canada seven years hence it could be found exactly in the size and vigor of events at New York recently. Success would come to us as to them; we had only to apply same principles to ensure it.

* * *

He believes in the divinity of the S. A. He had seen it in some awkard corners, but he had never seen it lose the marks of its divinity. It was God Almighty's pulpit, to do His gutter and slum work. The S. A. supplied God with a body now as Jesus Christ supplied a body for His working 1900 years ago. The despised flesh of that Nazarene was made the vehicle for the working of the Divine Spirit on men so as to upset the centuries-old power of error. That body, then as now, has often gone down almost under water, but it rises again more vigorous than ever after each wave has rolled in on it.

* * *

Go forward amongst the poorest, and plant there the seed of Christ's salvation. The salvation of the prodigal, could not be done without rejoicing the father's heart, the work down on the slums would win us the whole land. JOHN COMPLIN.

BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.—*From "Ram's Horn."*

Are you a self-denier? Did you ever try the path of self-denial involved in "War Cry" selling? Read the following. God bless our "War Cry" sellers.—ED.

TRURO.—The first time I took WAR CRYS on the street to sell was while a candidate at Yarmouth.

I walked up and down Main Street with six CRYS under my arm for about an hour, not daring to ask a person to buy one. Got discouraged, went into the holiness meeting, and cried the remainder of the evening.

I tried it several times after that, but could never sell over ten, and those to special friends. My next cross in this direction was while Cadet at Frederioton, where I slowly gained little victories. I did not mind selling from house to house, but when sent to the stores, hotels, or bar-rooms, I would stand in the door while the other Cadet went inside, consequently my sales were always lowest in the Home. When coming to Truro, I told the Lord

I Would Feel no Longer

over this matter, for I believed He could help me.

I have taken up the cross since then BOLDLY, not fearingly, and I find no trouble now in visiting all the places of business, work-shops, foundries, bar-rooms, and factories. My sale has been steadily increasing, until last Saturday it amounted to fifty-three. Victory!—LIEUT. KATE WELCH.

Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's. —I. COR. vi 20.

"TO KISS—with a close compression of the lips and a sharp noise." "Smack," went the first, and "smack," went the second, who were sitting at the table. What was it all about? Why, that delicious tea recently purchased from the trade store. Yes, Major, Mrs. Streeton and self are glad we are favored with a teaspoonful left for SELF-DENIAL Week. It will help things along. It must be in great demand.

Victoria, B. C.—Two souls. Sunday, Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald to the front. Showers of blessing, as well as rain. Collections good. WAR CRYS sold out. Six recruits sworn in.—ANNIE REILLY, S.C.

Clayton, B.C.—Dear WAR CRY, in seeing a report in your beautiful pages about Clayton, it encourages me with boldness to give another. Through heavy rain and water nearly up to the horses knees, we went to a private house to meet reinforcements. Fourteen came to hear the message for our encouragement, to proceed with the battle against the old devil, who has done us so much harm in the past. We are believing for an officer soon. We pray that it shall be so.—JOHN ROUTLEY, Sergt.

Halifax II.—Formed a grand combination with the angels. We rejoice with the heavenly host over sinners brought to God. The devil has a bad headache. The little imps of hell are cutting their teeth. First two, then three souls; then Sunday, eleven at night, then three out, then two enrolled; Sunday, eight out. Greatly encouraged to go forward. Nearly all the new converts are on the platform. The hallelujah pot boiled over. Veno stood on his head. Apostle John, and Jack the Sailor had a hallelujah hornpipe together. Lieutenant was running round bewildered with wonder. The Hallelujah Postman stayed home and minded the baby some more. The boys are crying, and we pray that they will get saved. We are a praying lot, I tell you. —SECRETARY.

Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.—MATT. xxii, 21.

NOTES

FROM THE

"MINISTER OF FINANCE."

What a little big man, or big little man, or small man with a large handle, one feels, when announced as such, on appearing before certain celebrities some time ago. It was a case of having to fill "a pair of large size 10's," whether the process was done by packing the toe, or heel, or not. Anyway, suffice to say, we got through. So much for a new handle. (I prefer the old one again next week please, Mr. Editor).

COAL AND WOOD.—"Yes, sir, we do." "You do! you religionists?" "Yes, sir, we sell coal and wood both in Toronto (telephone 761) and shall do—shortly—in London. The work and profits are for the helping of the out-of-works and outcasts." Helping them, too, in many ways. Didn't I have a straight up and down testimonial the other day? He said, "I ordered ten tons of coal of your people, and what a difference there appeared in the coal-bin, compared with the ten tons I ordered elsewhere last year?" And he paid cash down, too; that's the only condition on which we do business. That's dealing, and teaching employees to deal, on the square. "Practical Christianity."

"ALL ALIVE! ALL ALIVE!!"—Is the "Grace-before-Meat" agent (across the sea), who wrote me, stating he had raised during the last fifteen months over $3,900 in his own district for this fund, and had distributed 6,000 boxes. $390? No sir, THREE THOUSAND, NINE HUNDRED DOLLARS. Is that plain enough for you? If not, I will not spend my time in trying to "convince a man against his will, etc." Go and ask "Lazarus," you will find him looking fat and well as a result. "God bless that brother of mine!"

CLAP-TRAPPER.—He called to try and do business "at a cut rate." He didn't want to do "the other man" out of his job, oh! dear no; but e'r ——. If o'r——. "No, sir! We don't do business like that here. Have had a better apprenticeship. We are straight up and down, and not afraid to say so, either." No mincing matters. "Well, e'r——, that is e'r——"(too much for him.) He had not been used to such a reply, hadn't expected it, but got it all the same. Salvation again. Measure it out, comrades, straight from the heart. "With what measure ye mete, etc."—Mark iv. 24.

AFRAID TO LIVE, BUT READY TO DIE.—I had just dealt with him at the penitent-form. Yes, he believed he was saved. He then asked me the question, it came so naturally, too. "If I die now shall I go to heaven?" "Yes, if you are saved." "I want to die then." Had been a drunkard for many years. (More about this later on).

HIS MORNING RIDE.—"Hadn't been out of the house for thirteen years, "so the Slum officers were anxious to give him a "blow" in the fresh (?) air. They couldn't pay for a cab, so they borrowed a coster's barrow and trotted him around the houses. His had been "SELF-DENIAL," but not by choice. Let ours be by choice.

At the barracks doors, the little Captain, while trying to hold her own, was suddenly felled to the floor, and kicked till she became unconscious. When herself again, her heart went out in love for the woman she so well knew, who had caused her such a long illness. By praying for her, loving AND VISITING her, she ultimately found her amongst the penitents one night. Try this. Love does conquer. Put some of this visiting love in with your SELF-DENIAL effort this year, comrade, and you will have a double result. "But I am so shy and nervous. I can see lots of things that I might do, but oh, dear me! I am really so very nervous; really I am! I wish I were not so." And I guess the Captain wishes the same. In fact, we all do. However, we will hope the days of wishing only, comrade, are passed, and that the Captain is helping you. Your help will be appreciated, Captain, how much you may never know. Amongst those "lots of things" you may find a "brand, spanking," new idea that would eclipse the greatest light BETWEEN THE 1ST AND 8TH OF DECEMBER. Now, comrade, don't miss the opportunity of helping that timid one who feels so bad as did once someone else I know. Didn't he creep around the back entrance of an old lady's house one dark night, when first saved (and though it was not a sparkling thing he did) leave a religious periodical on the doorstep, trembling all the time lest the dear old soul should see or catch him at it. And didn't he run, when he got around the corner again? Ask him some time on the Q. T.

Now for it! The 1st of December is almost here. Let us see to it, that we are not like the man, who, reclining against the church, "had a leaning that way," but that real "SELF-DENIAL" takes the place of the imitation.

SELF DENIAL. The superlative — 1892, good! 1893, better!! 1894, best!!!

NOTES

AT THE

Commandant's Tea-Party Talk.

Colonel Nicol is no stranger to us. We have seen him in type (a pretty good representation); he represents the General, International Headquarters, and the all-powerful press of the Army in Britain.

Our press is going to be a greater power than ever in driving on the war.

You will find us:

1. Possessors of the truth we preach.

2. *Conquerors.* Go back to England and say, not only are we shiners, but we are the boys who know how to fight. My comrades can not only sing a good song, and pray a good prayer, but they have stood the panic of battle, and they know how to fight.

3. We are *aggressors.* Here are no fluttering hearts. The days of weeping willows are gone by. Our hands are tightly clenched around our swords. We have difficulties (I'm the one who knows it), but we shall overcome; besides, difficulties are good for us, they school us in turning from our circumstances to our God.

4. We know how to *obey.* We have learned to be servants of each other. We have in measure that spirit of obedience, which, next to courage, and combined with it, is going to do great things for the world.

I never rose to the call of a leader with more pleasure than to-night. On the other side, there are few men who have so deep a place in the affections of the young blood of the Salvation Army, as Commandant Booth; he is their David.—*Col. Nicol.*

"*Unless you can bring the scent of the hay fields across the footlights, it is no use putting a drama on the stage,*" was a professional saying in my theatrical days. Unless we can bring the influence of Christ and Calvary into our life, and work, it is no use attempting to work for God and the people.—*Col. Nicol.*

No one entirely agreed with Colonel Nicol when he said that his ideas were in comparison like the Irishman's trunk, "Everything uppermost, nothing at hand, but all the same very useful."

Brigadier Holland gave a touching address of welcome to Colonel Nicol. He was glad to meet him on the good old Salvation Army battlefield. God had been his sufficiency all the days since he said good-bye to Colonel Nicol (then Foreign Secretary) over four years ago.

Since the Commandant arrived, we have had a blessed transformation in Social matters, and quadrupled our efforts in that branch.—BRIGADIER HOLLAND at the "Tea Party."

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give, not grudgingly, nor of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.—II. COR. ix, 7.

Belleville.—Sunday was a day of the Son of Man. Large crowds, good collections. Brother Clarke, of Collingwood, gave his experience, and sang some of his original songs, which were very touching. Ensign McNamara did what she could. At night, we closed with three at the penitent-form. Ensign Wiseman boarded the steamer for Deseronto.

Bloomfield. A load from Picton, including band, the D. O., Capt. Bird and soldiers. Music elevating; testimonies poured in; solos sung. The D. O. read the lesson. One man volunteered.

PICTON. This is where the Bird nests. Soldiers and band filled with enthusiasm and zeal. Ensign Wiseman spoke of the real necessity of men and women taking up their cross and not sawing half of it off. Five recruits were enrolled. One man came forward. The district all are getting the clogs away from the chariot wheels.—ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Brandon, Man.—Four days visit from Mrs. Reid and Bandsman Habkirk. Holiness meeting, two came and sought the blessing.

Saturday, Mrs. Read gave a very interesting address on Newfoundland. One man, who had been a terrible slave to drink, came out. Twenty-eight at knee-drill. Mrs. Read spoke of the Social operations of the Salvation Army throughout the North-West and British Columbia. When the net was drawn in, we found two fish captured.—Capt. GREEN.

OVERLAND AND OVER SEA TO Germany

WITH MAJOR FRIEDRICH *(continued).*

SOON I reached CHEMNITZ, my native town, which was the destiny of my journey. Ten years absence had made a change in people and houses. My father had gone to heaven, and a few other relatives had died since my absence.

I had left home in a

Most Wretched Condition

of soul, and came back with the consciousness of God's smile obtained.

Mother and friends were of course very glad to see me.

I had no opportunity to attend to German meetings, or see any of our German comrades. My journey did not bring me within easy reach of any corps, nor did my very limited time and means allow me any side trips.

My return journey went over nearly the same ground, arriving at London on Wednesday, Sept. 12th a.m.

To my regret I heard of the departure of the General for Canada the day before I arrived, and if I had known the date of his farewell meeting in England I would have tried to get there a day earlier to be present and share in a treat.

I was glad to see again the S. A. uniform, and felt soon at home. I shook hands with

The T. Plant

and Staff-Capt. Acum, an old friend of Toronto Headquarters, and now the only Canadian representative at the International Headquarters. The Chief of the Staff was very poorly and much in need of recuperation. Let us pray for him who has so much responsibility and anxiety for the kingdom's promotion.

I met many staff officers and others who were much interested in Canadian warfare, especially since the Commandant took charge, as they know and loved him, and many kind words were sent with me for him.

The International Trade Headquarters is a big concern, undoubtedly, but I don't know but we might have even a bigger thing in Canada if we had as many officers and soldiers and a larger population, and if our officers and soldiers would push the WAR CRY about twice as much, as well as buy all their uniform of the Toronto Headquarters.

Colonel Bremner has just taken hold of

The International Trade Headquarters,

and Major Laurie is his prophet—beg your pardon—Secretary, I meant. Staff-Captain Cuthbert was kind enough to conduct me through the various stock rooms, offices, and workshops in the short time I had at my disposal. Major Swift seems to be carrying out practically the Master's lesson of being servant to each other by some mysterious connection with the restaurant on top of the building and busy staff officers, who find only time to eat two buns and drink a glass of milk for dinner, and would not do perhaps that at the right time.

A short interview with Colonel Nicol warmed me up nicely. At nights Captain Winch, the genial Captain in charge at Whitechapel Shelter, was kind enough to conduct me round some of the principle Social Institutions in London.

We started out from Whitechapel Social Headquarters about five o'clock in the evening, visiting first the Hanbury Street Elevator, which looked

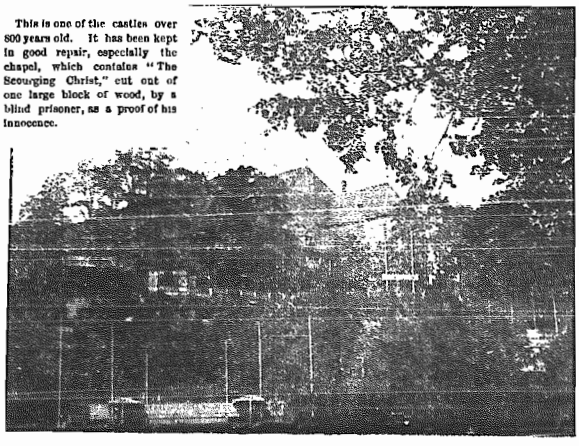
Like a Bee-Hive,

with its busy occupants assorting paper, etc. The Captain was just giving out the supper tickets to the workers Upstairs we went through the shops where they make the mattresses for our Shelter, and where a deaf, but happy rescued submerged responds with beaming face to the "Glory" and "Hallelujah" of Capt. Winch. Next are the carpenter and the timbrel makers. In another out-of-the-way room a quantity of real fine furniture is stored away to wait for purchasers. How purchasers come there I was too bashful to inquire, but I coveted a window of 101 Queen Victoria Street, to show some of the fine pieces, to sell them out and make room for more.

(To be continued.)

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me—MATT. xxv, 40.

Fortune, Nfld.—Praise and promise meeting. Backsliders meeting at night, when two poor wanderers were reclaimed. At the close of our Harvest Festival week, we had a "When, where, and what" meeting, when we saw the Army, where we saw it, and what we thought of it. It was very interesting. Did we reach our target? Yes. Hallelujah! In spite of all doubts and fears. Ten dollars.—DORA HINDY for Capt. A. KEAN.



This is one of the castles over 800 years old. It has been kept in good repair, especially the chapel, which contains "The Scourging Christ," cut out of one large block of wood, by a blind prisoner, as a proof of his innocence.

HOW THEY DIE.

The End of the Righteous is Peace.

One of our number has been taken away. BROTHER ATKINSON peacefully passed away, November the 2nd. He leaves a wife and seven children, but he leaves them with the blessed assurance that what is their loss is his eternal gain.

While praying with him on His dying bed, he gave me the assurance that all was well with his soul, and that His will was the will of his God.

The funeral was conducted by Mr. McGreiger, P.M., and the writer.

LIEUT. TAYLOR.

To a Land That Knows no Storms.

HANT'S HARBOR.—Death has taken from us two much-loved comrades—PHILIP SMITH and EMMA CRETCH.

Death for them had no sting. Why? Because they had sought and found the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

We visited each of those comrades before they passed away, and each told us they were going to dwell with Jesus in the land that knows no storms.

Although the parting was felt keenly by their friends, "they did not sorrow as those without hope."

We gave them each an Army funeral, which proved a great blessing to the saints, while soldiers promised to be true to their vows to God and the Army, and made the sinner think of the time when they, too, must die.

MRS. ENSIGN FREEMAN.

ROBERT DURRANT,
Promoted from Listowel to Heaven.
Aged 76. Salvation Soldier.

"After Life's Fitful Fever She Sleeps Well."

ST. THOMAS.—SISTER MRS. ANDERSON has laid down the weapons of her warfare and entered into her rest.

She came to this city about eight years ago. About seven years she has been a zealous worker in the Salvation Army until about eight months ago. It was her lot to be called upon to suffer a great deal; through this she was prevented from taking active part in the war, yet she has done what she could in her own home.

The last few weeks she suffered intensely, yet she was always praising God, and bore it patiently till the chariot lowered, and she was borne away to join her loved ones who have gone before her.

It is only a little while when we shall meet again to part no more. SISTER MARTIN.

Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation, the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. —MATT. xxvi, 41.

Montreal I.—Knee-drill well attended. Testimonies on those lines were in accordance with the Word. Two backsliders volunteered for salvation, one being E. Thompson, ex-sergeant of Winnipeg. Fire a volley, ye North Westerners! At night, a moving open-air held on Victoria Square. Over two hundred people listened. Before we closed, seven came to the front crying for pardon. One man placed a pipe and a packet of tobacco on the bench; another could get no relief until he rid himself of a large sheet of oil-cloth, marked with numerous gambling devices, with a box of dice.—ALBERT.

NEXT WEEK!

"Canada and Canadians."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

— BY —

COLONEL NICOL,

British War Cry Editor.

I must say that I almost devour the CRY upon its arrival. It's grand!—CAPT. BEARCHELL.

"WAR CRY" AGAIN.

A man of intelligent appearance, from Philadelphia, on rising from the penitent-form at the Temple, testified that he had become convicted through reading the WAR CRY. *He then came to the Army meeting and got saved.*

[Hallelujah! We want more items of this sort.]—ED.

WAR CRY

Editorial Notings.

THE GENERAL'S AMERICAN CAMPAIGN.

Crowds — congratulations — heavenly waves — weeping penitents — triumphant and sweeping victories—are the pivot words which describe our great leader's American campaign. Colonel Nicol specially contributes to the Canadian CRY this week a report of the General's Philadelphia meeting, which will be read with interest. The scenes at Philadelphia are typical of the scenes on each new battle ground the General enters. Pray on, brothers, the devil is getting pulverized.

I feel myself to be most unworthy of this enthusiastic recognition. What have I done? I have simply striven to do my duty to my fellow-men and to God, and to follow in the footsteps of my Master, spending my life gladly and truthfully in going about doing good.—THE GENERAL, ON RECEIVING AN OVATION AT NEW YORK.

SELF-DENIAL, 1894.

"CLEAR THE TRACK!" and, "STEAM'S UP, DRIVE AHEAD!" have been the WAR CRY'S front page bugle calls respecting the right-at-our-doors SELF-DENIAL effort for 1894. We have come now to the time when, metaphorically speaking, the panting of the S.D. locomotive can plainly be heard coming up the incline. Soon she will turn the bend in the road and come into full sight. The hill is high and the strain is great, but the train made up on the Canadian road is certain to get there just the same; indeed, our train hands like to show their prowess at a stiff fight.

THE "WAR CRY" PRAYS GOD'S BLESSING ON THE SELF-DENIAL EFFORT FOR 1894.

YOU, COMRADE.

We specially urge *every individual* to take active part. Modern carnal warfare is not so dependent on individual valor as formerly, but in the salvation war individual valor and effort is absolutely essential. Let nothing then be wanting on *your* part, esteemed reader, towards making the S.-D. for 1894 *the success which God and the appalling needs of the dying world demand it should be.*

"FIGHTING CHANGED TO VICTORY'S RINGING CHEER."

"*Let us have a good fight,*" was the significant expression used by Mrs. Booth at one of the Special Friday night holiness meetings recently. Mrs. Booth sets the example, too, taking up her by-no-means easy cross continually in the interests of the war. Her latest victory is the complete clearance of the debt of $365, which was burdening that useful and beneficent institution on Albert Street, known as the Working Women's Home. Begging is hard work, but Mrs. Booth has "gone at it," like her ancestors fought at Waterloo, triumphing. God bless our chief woman leader, and the splendid Army philanthropy which lies so near her heart, and whose cause she has so successfully espoused.

WANTED NOW FOR WOMEN'S RESCUE.

Mrs. Booth is urgently needing more women-warriors for that special work whose Christliness the world admits—Rescue.

Reader, will you this SELF-DENIAL WEEK give not money but yourself? Ought you? What says CONSCIENCE?

FRIDAY NIGHT.

The special Friday night Holiness Campaign is being favored with an increasing measure of the Divine presence. The second meeting was a decided improvement on the first in point of *liberty*, although the attendance was less, owing probably to the stormy weather. Toronto City Salvationists specially should PRAY IN THE HOLY GHOST for these meetings, and come up to them, bringing that blazing zeal and Divine Fire, without which all spiritual work is a failure.

MACHINE GUN.

We are looking with much interest for news of the working of the *Machine Gun* described by the Commandant on page 7 of last week's CRY. The expedition is in the hands of a capable man, and if Staff-Captain Jewer acquits himself worthily, and there is every reason to believe he will, WAR CRY readers may expect a sketch of the Gun in action.

THE OBNOXIOUS-PLACARD PEST.

Thank God, the authorities are taking the obnoxious-placard pest in hand. The Toronto *Globe*, of November 9th, has the following:—

"Manager Stair, of the Academy of Music, and Bill-poster Joseph Price, appeared in the Police Court yesterday in answer to a charge of corrupting public morals by posting the walls with indecent prints. The Police Magistrate said he would prefer the case should be tried by a Superior Court, but he spoke strongly on the subject, and remarked that if there were any way of stopping the placarding the walls with the class of prints with which they are too often adorned, he would be glad. They were the cause, indirectly, he believed, of much of the crime that came before the courts."

Some of the bills now being exhibited are atrocious things to present to the gaze of every child that passes. These moral pestilence breeders, who have no respect for the lambs of our folds, should be dealt with in strict justice, *with all speed*, and if they get justice, Toronto will not long have to endure their debasing influences.

It is too bad. Working all night, and on to two a.m. in the morning is not good, either for the Commandant or anyone else. Still, we cannot but admire the sacrificing spirit which prompts such tugging at the oars. We hear, too, of a gigantic Campaign coming on, which will absorb the energies of our leader. The WAR CRY would like to put on the brakes, so that the Commandant would go fresh to his campaigning, but we don't just see how to do it. Petrolia, London, St. John, N.B., Montreal, Winnipeg, and Victoria, are amongst the places at present on the list for visiting.

WE REGRET TO SAY IT.

Unavoidably crowded over: "Joe Beefs," "Sergeant-Major Reilly's Life-Sketch," "Colonel Nicol in Toronto and Kingston," "Fuller Details of Winnipeg Rescue Home," "Newfoundland News," "C.O.P. Notes," and various Corps and District Reports.

Comrades are requested to send in their Special Christmas Contributions for the "War Cry" immediately.

HEADQUARTER'S NOTES.

Captain Savage and his daughter are in Toronto. Mrs. Savage is progressing favorably. Congratulations, Captain and Mrs. Savage.

Mrs. Ensign Phillips, who has recently done several successful tours in the Central Ontario Province, is now in Toronto.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Jewer and Mrs. Adjutant Southall have been on trips hunting up Auxiliaries.

Mrs. Ensign Horn, who is in delicate health, has left Toronto, on a visit to her parents in Palmerston.

He came to the office a little late on Monday morning, and seeing the sub-Editor said in hoarse, husky accents, "Four souls at Peterboro' yesterday." It was Major Friedrich, just back from specialling.

"Walked twelve miles, eight souls, swore in three recruits yesterday."

"Where?" I asked, excitedly.

"Lisgar," laconically replied the healthy-looking Social Secretary.

Give, and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over shall men give into your bosom.—LUKE vi, 38.

Southern District, Newfoundland.

HARVEST FESTIVAL—"WE'VE GOT THERE!"—VICTORY!

We are very much awake, and going ahead full speed. There has been a change of skippers at most corps on the Coast: Captain Snow, to Grand Bank; Captain Cooper, to Channel; Captain Kerr, to Fortune; Captain Hodder, to Burin, and Cadet Hodder, to Seal Cove, and we are now well under way for our winter's campaign.

At GRAND BANK, our District Headquarters, we have just had our Harvest Festival. We have gone right over our target. Owing to there being so little land under cultivation, we were not able to go in very much for fruit, but more substantial things were well to the front. The barracks was nicely decorated. The soldiers and comrades went in with zeal and enthusiasm.

I should like, respectfully, to ask if you can show me a corps in Canada—outside the North-West—to compete with the following: Out of a population of about 1,300 people, $65 was raised for HARVEST FESTIVAL, or an average of five cents per head for the entire population. If there is a corps with such a record, we should be most happy to challenge that corps in the coming Self-Denial effort. Here is a chance for some of our well-to-do city corps to trying their metal with our brave fisher-folk.

We had a WAR CRY meeting. Nearly everything, including songs, readings, and Scripture, being taken from various WAR CRYS. This proved very interesting, and many, doubtless, heard some good news contained in the dear old CRY, who probably seldom avail themselves of the privilege. Sold all our WAR CRYS (save three) on the Saturday night. Sister Esther Hickman also sells twenty *Young Soldiers* weekly. God bless our WAR CRY and *Young Soldier* boomers! Amen!

The sale of goods on Monday was great. Lieutenant Cave proved a splendid auctioneer. In addition to the $65 raised, a quantity of goods were bought for the officer, including one and a quarter barrel of flour, one barrel of potatoes, meat, etc., and a real, live rooster.

At BURIN, too, they have done famously, going right away over their target, and nearly doubling it.

At FORTUNE, victory was scored. They reached their target.

At GARNISH, things are not so bright, owing, doubtless, to the scarcity of fish this season.

Reports from SEAL COVE are not yet to hand.

Souls are getting saved. The week previous to HARVEST FESTIVAL, we had the joy of seeing souls at the Cross every night, from Sunday to Friday.

Our comrades are just getting home from the Banks, and settling down for the winter's work. Only one (so far as we know at present) of our dear comrades, BROTHER GABRIEL MITCHELL, of Burin, has been lost at sea this year. Our Burin Sergeant-Major had a narrow escape, however, his schooner being run down by an Atlantic liner, while on the Banks, but he, with the remainder of the crew, except Brother J. Mitchell, and another man, were saved. At Grand Bank, Fortune, Seal Cove, Garnish, and Channell, there have been no losses. Glory to God.

Hot from the Battle.

THE GENERAL'S CAMPAIGN!

Latest Telegraphic News.

CLEVELAND, O., 12.

Pittsburg, triumphant climax, Sunday. Two mighty meetings, new grand opera. Three thousand people each. Thousands outside. Five dollars offered for ticket. General glowed with divine eloquence. Walked stage pouring forth fiery utterances. Stupendous struggle for souls. Many won. Gentleman donated hundred dollars.

Cleveland, influential reception. General guest of Judge Noble. Four thousand in Music Hall. Judge Lawson said they represented honest sympathy of the city whose confidence the Army had won by captures like the notorious Billy Ford. General stirred hearts of audience. Frequent cheers — storms. Commander asked thousand dollars.

CAPT. TAYLOR.

TELEGRAM!

KINGSTON, Nov. 12.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Sharp jubilant over arrival young daughter to day.

ENSIGN MCGILLIVRAY.

CONGRATULATIONS!—ED.

GENERAL ORDER.

Re LIGHT BRIGADE.

1st.—F.O's are hereby requested and required to render necessary assistance to the Provincial Agents in all cases when called upon.

2nd.—Persons who have been appointed as Local Agents must not be urged to take a Local Officer's Commission, without the consent of Headquarters, unless such person or persons feel they have ample time to attend to both.

3rd.—Provincial Agents have power in cases where boxes are not properly used and circulated, to take such boxes and put them elsewhere. He has authority also to re-adjust, amend and make changes wherever it is plain that such changes will promote the interests of the scheme.

By Order,

H. H. BOOTH,

Commandant.

MRS. BOX, "Grace-before-Meat" Box Agent, at Soafortb. A well-known lady of the town. She has taken hold of the Light Brigade work, and has given out over fifty boxes. She is very much interested in our Social Branch.

Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

All Ablaze.

Nothing could be hetter than the way Self-Denial is being taken up by all concerned. The spirit of enterprise and determination is abroad in all hearts, and we may look confidently for the best battle and victory yet fought and won. Hallelujah! How much this speaks for the continued devotion of the Army! We have only to keep going ahead, my dear comrades, in this spirit, and our financial embarrassments will surely disappear. And have we not set our hearts on this, because it will help us accomplish greater things for God and souls?

The Language of Deeds.

The Provincials are going ahead full steam. Brigadier de Barritt has already met the city and suburban officers twice. He has a score of new ideas, and is pushing with more than his usual vigor. God bless and give success. Colonel Nicol sends me word, on the eve of his departure, that Brigadier Scott is directing his troops with much skill. A remarkable accomplishment is sure. So with all the other Provincials. There are the evidences of affection and loyalty that go for more with me than many words. If I can lay at the Master's feet a bigger thank-offering than has ever yet been presented what an evidence *that* will he of the soundness and loyalty of the Canadian Army. Comrades, we have won some mighty battles in the days gone by, are we to be out-matched this time? NEVER!

A Tight Squeeze.

Amongst other reasons, the stern law of need demands at this time an exceptional effort. It happens that some of our heaviest payments for years fall due at the close of the present year. The Army, to keep faith—which it is bound to do—with some of its most substantial creditors, must pay down many thousands of dollars in the dawn of 1895. To a stranger the prospect might be most disquieting, but I have rest in the confidence I place in my faithful troops. It is not the first time I have led the Canadian Army against difficulties that could alone be removed by their devotion and dash. I have not yet been disappointed. It will be so again.

Progress Reported.

But the inspiration of progress, as well as the pressure of want, urges us ahead. Something has been accomplished since last Self-Denial, for which we have all reason to thank God. Many souls have been saved, and many soldiers enrolled; many have given themselves for the service of God, and are to-day officers, who last year were lagging behind; much new and valuable legislation has been put into operation for pushing the war, and universal interest has resulted from the General's campaign. Once more we have surprised ourselves with the Harvest Festival, notwithstanding the Jubilee effort, which produced a large sum of money. This, too, is our Year of Jubilee. The program issued is a big affair, and as was at the time said, we could not expect to get it all accomplished within the limit of any twelve months. But it is surely encouraging to know that out of the fifty schemes *twenty-two are already accomplished facts*, and we haven't yet reached the end of the year either. By God's blessing we shall live to see that thing accomplished, almost in its entirety, notwithstanding short-handedness and poverty. Let us be encouraged, comrades, and GO ON.

Field Officers to the Front.

I premised some mention of the corps veterans of last year. The two fairest tests were the increases, and the amount raised, judged by the ordinary income. Judged on the increases, the champion officers were:—

Adjt. Jewer, Ensign Hilts, Adjt. Howell (St. John, N.B.), Ensigns Galt, Macnamara, Gage, Arkett, Archibald Blackburn.

Captains Edgecombe, Lowry, McRae, Rennie, Kadey, Scott Brady, Payne, Tuttle, Miller, Cameron, Wiseman, Alward, Smith, Wale-Findlay, Patterson, Maidment.

Lieutenants Carruthers, Gooding, Boles, Dwyer, Corlett, Green, Robbins, Newman, Bishop, Donaldson, Harris, Piercy, Young, Pugh, McCann.

The corps represented were:—

Temple, Victoria, Winnipeg, Halifax I., Vancouver, Edmonton, Prince Albert, Ottawa, St. Johns I., Halifax II., Lippincott, Yarmouth, Montreal I., Richmond Street, London Dartmouth, Yorkville, Lisgar Street, Belleville, Pembroke.

Judged by the ordinary income test, here are the champion corps and officers:—

Corps.	*Ensign.*	*Captain.*	*Lieutenant.*
Feversham		Green	
Aurora		Teeple	Cooke
St. Marys		Staigers	
Yorkville		Smith	Young
Emerson		Hewitt	Moore
Comber		Francis	Haldane
Strathroy	Hendricks	Richmond	Whealen
Hillsboro'		Perry	Morrow
Temple	Adjt. Jewer	Edgecombe	Carruthers
Halifax II.		Tuttle	Bishop
Lisgar St.		Wale-Findlay	
Halifax I.	Adjt. Howell	McRae	
Lippincott	Mancamara		Donaldson
Goderich	Cass		
Tilbury Centre		Andrews	
Brooklin			
Fenelon Falls		Walker	
Tilt Cove		Day	Snow
Ottawa	Galt	Brady	Robbins
Chath'm, N.B.	McLean	Kendall	

The Two Crack Teams.

Now if these corps are to hold their own in the coming battle, the following will be the officers, now stationed at them, who will turn out the Dominion champions.

Temple, Capt. Savage.
Victoria, Adjt. Archibald.
Winnipeg, Ensign Hughes.
Halifax I., Ensign Gage.
Vancouver, Capt. Milner.
Edmonton, Capt. Isaacson.
Prince Albert, Capt. Collett.
Ottawa, Ensign Coombs.
St. John I., Capt. Dyas.
Halifax II. Capt. McLean.
Lippincott, Capt. Edgecombe.
Yarmouth, Ensign Matthews.
Montreal I., Ensign McLean.
Richmond St., Capt. Wiseman.
London, Ensign Lowry.
Dartmouth, Capt. Pelley.

Yorkville, Capt. Markle.
Lisgar St., Ensign Frith.
Belleville, Ensign Wiseman.
Pembroke, Capt. Carter.
Feversham, Capt. Carruthers.
Aurora, Capt. Sims.
St. Marys.
Emerson, Capt. R. Smith.
Comber.
Strathroy, Ensign Gale.
Hillsboro'.
Goderich, Capt. Crook.
Tilbury Centre.
Fenelon Falls, Capt. Halpany.
Tilt Cove, Capt. Bethune.
Chatham, N.B., Ens. DesBrisay.

If, on the contrary, the same champions take the cake, here are the corps at which they are now stationed, and which must win the day:

Ensign Galt, Charlottetown.
Ensign Macnamara Brockville.
Ensign Gage, Halifax.
Ensign Arkett, Uxbridge.
Adjt. Archibald, Victoria.
Ensign Blackburn, Barrie.
Capt Edgecombe, Lippincott.
Ensign Lowry, London I.
Capt. McRae, Halifax Shelter.
Ensign Rennie, St. Johns, Nfld.
Capt. Kadey, Moosomin.
Capt. Scott, Moosejaw.
Capt. Payne, Bonavista.
Ensign Wiseman, Belleville.

Ensign Alward, Annapolis.
Capt. Carruthers, Feversham.
Capt. Corlett, Nanaimo.
Capt. Green, New Westminister.
Capt. Newman, Trinity.
Ensign Cass, Guelph.
Ensign McLean, Montreal I.
Captain Staigers.
Capt. Hewitt, Neepawa.
Capt. Francis.
Capt. Richmond.
Capt. Andrews.
Capt. Walker, Millbrook.
Capt. Kendall, Perth.

Now, then, we shall see who goes under, and who comes up. God help you all to pull with your might.

The Editor-in-Chief.

Colonel Nicol has come and gone. His visit was all too brief, but the recollection of it will last long with us. Those who had the privilege of seeing and hearing him will, I am sure, entertain a stronger esteem for the Editor-in-Chief of the world's *Crys*. His address at Toronto, and I hear also at Kingston and Montreal, were typical Salvation Army speeches, full of fire and pathos, and sound sense, and touched with a burning of the live coal from God's altar. The meeting with my old comrade was a real pleasure to me. We talked and communed, and found in each other that strength and inspiration which is the most blessed outcome of true Army comradeship. The Colonel was delighted with all he saw in Toronto, and went home realizing better the nature of our fight, and the true significance of our victories. God bless our loved comrade, and *bring him back again*. So say all of us.

And Our Chief Commander.

The General's second visit draws near. Major Read has his hands more than full. The campaign is now all but fully fixed and a list of the places to be visited will appear in the next issue of these notes. Meanwhile, our Commander-in-Chief continues to carry all before him in the States. The work of preparing for the General and the Self-Denial coming together is simply enormous. Pray that there may be no hitches, and above all, pray for our General himself.

A Searching Time.

The Commandant intends to pay flying visits to each Provincial Headquarters before the arrival of the General. It is now a little more than a year since the great change in the system of oversight was effected in Canada. The time has come for a careful survey of its workings. For this purpose the Commandant proposes to begin at the Provincial officer, and later on, work down through the districts to the corps. Between now and December the records affecting every province, district, and corps in the Dominion are to be overhauled at the Provincial Headquarters, and marked as per their rise or fall. The whole system will be thoroughly *sifted*, and every record thoroughly probed. In this way I hope to be able to present a brief to the General on Canadian affairs based on personal knowledge and observation as to the standing of the war in Canada. It's a pretty tall order to run through the affairs of 250 corps, but we shall do it, and he able to speak with authority on the subject, and not merely "as the Scribes."

NOTES

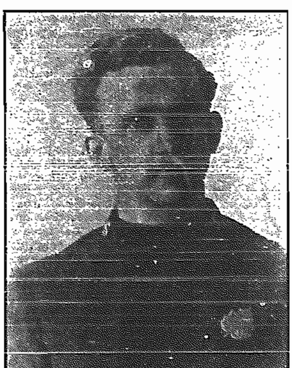
BY

Brigadier Holland.

The glorious development of our Social work still goes on. Each step forward is but the vestibule of another. Where we shall end, not even "Wiseacre" can tell. Who would have thought the modest-looking Rescue Home, opened seven years ago in Toronto, was the sapling, not only from which was going to grow the oak, which that institution has now become, but that from it was to be taken slips, which were destined to reproduce the Toronto parent, in eight cities of the Dominion. And the end has not yet come. Ottawa, and perhaps Hamilton, will follow at no very great length. Then our "Shelter" experiment, ventured only two short years ago, has proved that there is life in it, and that it also is capable of reproducing itself. What a happy coincidence it is that under the same roof in which our Rescue Work was born, our Men's Shelter first saw the light. We have now no less than four in the Dominion, and the Commandant is being urged to extend this work to Winnipeg, Vancouver, and elsewhere. Our Prison Gate Work, our Social Farm, and and the Children's Shelter, are all too well-known to require notice here. Then, too, the ghost of the W.P.B. is looming up. Anyway, we give it to the world that in these matters we have a mission, and by God's help we mean to fulfil it.

We are glad to say that Major Read, about whose health the Commandant has been so anxious of late, has taken a decided change for the better. He is now running the gauntlet of a severe reprimand from his doctor, by going in full speed ahead with his Self-Denial campaign.

"Sorrows never come alone," is an old saying. If not always true, it is in this instance. This time, it is Staff-Captain Collier, the inveterate right hand of Brigadier Margetts. He has displayed the symptoms of typhoid fever for the past week or two, but the doctor is hopeful of breaking it up before it reaches a malignant stage. Mrs. Adjutant Archibald, too, and several other comrades, are on the sick list. Pray for them.



CAPT. FRED KNIGHT.

CAPT. ANNIE WIGHTMAN.

Married Oct. 30th, at Bridgetown, N.S., by Brigadier Jacobs.

(See report later.)

Ensign Hughes, from Prince Edward Island, has arrived at Winnipeg. Great things are expected as a result.

A second corps is proposed for Victoria, B.C. The Indians of that vast Province, too, are constantly writing for officers to be sent among them. In fact, open doors for development present themselves at every town. What is wanted is men. Why do they not rise up from all over the country, and say: "Here am I, send me?"

Now, you say, you have given us a little news, but you have said nothing about the Commandant. How is he? We are glad to say that, considering the enormous responsibilities he carries, he is as well as can be expected. Remember the old adage that says: "Uneasy lies the head that bears a crown," is equally applicable of an Army Commissioner. Nevertheless, the Commandant is a veritable reservoir of energy and spirit. Somebody said they had a friend who weighed a 100 pounds, and ninety-eight of which was backbone. The Commandant's will-power runs in about the same proportion. And Mrs. Booth, how is she? Mrs. Booth, we are glad to say, is well. Having taken over the charge of the Auxiliary and Light Brigade Departments, in addition to her other work, her hands are naturally very full. What she undertakes she succeeds with.

Then you have had Colonel Nicol with you? We have, and right glad we were to see him. His sayings were an inspiration, and leave a sweet-smelling savor behind them. What did he say? He said some nice things about the Commandant, which touched our hearts. What else? He said he thought we had a future before us in Canada. That our Social institutions were second to none. That our Farm was on the right line. That our Women's Shelter and Rescue work could not be beaten. All that, and a lot more did the editor of the English *War Cry* tell us before his train steamed out of the Union Station bearing him,

"If not to the land of the setting sun,
To the land where the Army's work begun."

Second-Hand Sale.

The door of the Financial Office burst open, and in came Dad Florence. After gripping his honest hand, we said, "How did you get on specialling, Dad?"

Sharp and crisp was his answer, *and* comprehensive. "First class, we left every corps better than we found it, spiritually and financially."

Scotland, Indiana.—I am a reader of the WAR CRY, and I appreciate it very much. It must have been through the goodness of God that I ever read one, living away so far as I do. I live in the country on a farm, but, bless the Lord, He can be on the farm to make us happy. I want to meet the Salvation Army some time; I don't expect to have the privilege on earth, but can meet them in glory. The WAR CRY speaks so much about holiness of heart. Oh, I desire to be holy! When I read the WAR CRY, I have a longing desire to be amongst you to hear you talk, sing, and pray, but am deprived of that blessed privilege now, but would sincerely ask one and all of you to pray for an unseen friend in Indiana. I often think I would love to work in the Rescue Work, for my desire is to do somebody good. May you ever live to do good while on earth.—REBECCA J. HUTSON.

Another Jubilee Triumph!

SCHEME No. 15.

The Hospitable Doors of the Workingmen's Castle at London Thrown Open Wide by the Commandant.

HARD-UPS FIND FOOD, WARMTH, WORK, AND WELCOME.

"EVERY DOLLAR GIVEN to the Salvation Army for their new Shelter, will mean the same amount saved to the City Relief Fund," said an alderman in London City Council."

"And be better spent, and go farther," said another.

So interested seemed the Council, that the question was not, "Shall we give a grant to the Salvation Army?" but, "HOW MUCH can we afford?"

When the treasurer submitted that there was only a small amount in the treasury, one alderman offered personally to go halves with another to make a larger grant, while

The Mayor Suggested

each alderman should give two and a-half dollars, and himself five. Finally it was decided to grant the extra amount, and trust to get through the financial year without a deficit.

Bit by bit the necessary things were got together, and the inauguration meeting fixed.

Great were the expectations; but, lo, when the day came, the power of the storm held full sway. So a deloging rain all day kept away many.

The band and soldiers marched

Through Mud and Slush,

and took their places in the choir-loft of the First Congregational Church, Dundas Street, kindly lent by Dr. Wild, his assistant, Rev. J. Adams, and the trustees.

The meeting was led by the Commandant, and presided over by his Worship, Mayor Essery.

Clearly, distinctly and kindly the Mayor introduced the Commandant, and in a few momonts sketched the rise and progress of the Salvation Army in London, Ont., with no uncertain sound, expressing his appreciation of our work. He bade God-speed to the Workmen's Hotel.

In a masterly address

The Commandant Outlined

the Social work.

The following evening we had our formal opening, when the Mayor and Alderman J. W. Jones inspected the place in company with the Commandant.

The first night, one lodger came, fresh from the prison cell, thankful that we had opened in time. He stayed with us as assistant cook. The next night we rose to twelve lodgers. Seven earned their accommodation by attacking the wood-pile.

At meal hours we have been kept busy with inside and outside custom. Leaning on the might and wisdom of God. we bend to the oars and pull away. DONATIONS WELCOME. ADJUTANT MILLER.

From the newspaper reports, we quote the following:

(Free Press, November 3rd.)

The Salvation Army Shelter, on Clarence Street, is proving a splendid success. It is only three days old, but has already lodged twenty-three unfortunate men. Twelve men, of all ages, but all hard-up, slept in the Shelter Thursday night. Of these, eight paid for what they had received, while four worked out a "supper-bed-breakfast" on the Shelter wood pile. The price of beds has been changed a little. These on the "top deck" now cost eight cents; lower berths are ten cents, and separate beds come at twelve cents. Last night twelve men slept at the Shelter. Two of them had no funds, and were set at the wood pile.

"Do the penniless callore take kindly to the buck-saw?" a reporter asked Adjutant Miller.

"Yes, in most cases. With only a quarter cord to saw, or half a cord to split for supper, bed, and breakfast, they cannot very well object."

"Have you had no objections?"

AFRAID OF THE WOOD PILE.

"Only one out of six. The man was apparently strong and able, about fifty years of age. He came in and begged for something to eat, and I led him out to the wood yard. He only cut one stick, however, when he came back again. 'Thanks,' he said, 'I'll look somewhere else.' Then he left."

FIGHTING THE GIANTS

IN THE

North-West and B. C.

Our Target—$5,000—Our Target.

Getting into Line—Digging Trenches—Fortifying Weak Spots—Challenges.

BY MAJOR J. READ.

Victoria must look out! This is emphatic. All too true, she held first place last year; but what of that? Vancouver, that plucky corps at the C. P. R.'s terminus, did well too, and had they raised an additional $271 71, they would have defeated the capital by one cent Now, Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald, I dare to state that it is my honest opinion that Captain Milner and her braves will be hard on your track this year, and defeat even the indomitable "Vics," and we all know how good the latter are at collecting However, the decree has gone forth: Vancouver has been set in array against Victoria, and time will prove. Now, mind, Vancouver, you have to raise $836.76 to defeat Victoria's last year's figures. "Fight it out," Adjutant Archibald and Capt. Milner.

Five—$5,000—Thousand.

Look at Prince Albert, Winnipeg! Look at it, Brandon! This little town raised $370 20, and I have the audacity to back it against Brandon this year, and also to state my convictions that these brave warriors of P. A. will defeat New Westminster. We shall see.

Winnipeg! Thy fair name will be spoiled this year if thou dost suffer such a sore defeat as last at the hands of P. A. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put it on paper that I feel led to believe that Brandon is going to haul Winnipeg's flag down to the ground with holy vengeance. They did last year. Why should they not this. We have given Winnipeg only $400 for a target, and if not very careful Vancouver, too, will again defeat the Prairie City. Dare I ask Winnipeg to challenge Victoria?

Calgary! Bonny boys and girls of Calgary! Your target is $300, but Prince Albert's is $380, and Brandon's $360. New, Calgary, go for each of these places. Let me urge you, Capt. Smith, to give no quarter to either of them, but go right over their heads, and don't forget that New Westminster's target is just the same as your own. Now, ye "Innes" family, and all the rest of the Westminster folk, remember Calgary is after you.

Five—$5 000—Thousand.

There is bound to be a race between Portage and Nanaimo. Their respective targets are fixed at the same figure. Adjutant Archibald may think that Nanaimo will go ahead of Portage, but he has very little idea of what the P. people are like. Nanaimo, too, will naturally fight back at Portage, but her fighting may be in vain. Anyhow, they are each billed for $250. and I don't mind stating plainly that Nanaimo folks will probably raise $300, or $350, and thus Portage will be defeated.

Five—$5,000—Thousand.

With these few remarks, gentle readers, I beg to continue next week.

East Ontario Province.

Daniel lived on pulse and water for ten days, and he was fairer and fatter than all the others who lived on meat and wine. Will you deny yourself of your luxuries and give the money to S.-D.?

—:—

OUR PROVINCIAL TARGET arrived all safe from Toronto. It was an eye-opener, and no mistake. We have often heard the drunkard say they were going to get an eye-opener, but our target opened both our eyes. At first we wondered how ever we could reach the amount, but after carefully looking into the same, we believe it was quite possible, and wrote the Commandant to that effect.

—:—

After prayer and much thought we have at last succeeded in fixing the district targets. Let no officer think for a moment that we put the amount down without first considering very carefully the possibility of each one reaching their target.

—:—

PETERBORO' is all on the move over their target. $250 against $123 last year is a big jump, but they are good for it. Now then, Ensign McDonald, get your braves ready for action, start your competition, go at it in earnest; you are sure to strike the $250 and come in with flying colors.

—:—

COBOURG is a district corps this year, and Ensign Scarr is the leader thereof. $75 is quite a rise from last year's target, but Ensign knows right well with steady aim and united effort, the bull's-eye will be hit.

—:—

Ensign Wiseman has got the name of being the D. O. who can get money where others fail He has charge of the BELLEVILLE corps and district, and his corps is down for $250—on par with Peterboro'. The Scotchman knows how to pull the ropes and resist all competitors. We shall see if he is able to pull the Wiseman over and put Belleville in the shade.

—:—

Captain McHarg has just taken charge of the SHERBROOKE corps and district, and by all the inspiring letters that reach us $95 for S.-D. will be easily got.

—:—

Now for KINGSTON, with its blood-and-fire corps. I will dare to back this city against any other city of its size in Ontario, or the Eastern Province, to get most money for S.-D We cannot forget the amount that was raised last year in the face of many difficulties, one of them being no less than eight hundred people were down with la grippe, yet there was $80 of an increase over the previous year. Now, Kingston, your target is $305, and last year you were led on by a Lowland Scotchman; this year you have a Highlander and they never would give up their swords to the Lowlanders, so you are sure of victory.

—:—

We have often thought of the great giant Goliath daring the armies of Israel, and making the bold challenge for any soldier to accept the same, but every soldier seemed afraid till David. the shepherd boy, came forward and conquered in the strength of God. In the Province of QUEBEC we have many giants, who are at the front to-day, daring the armies of Israel. Many there are who are afraid to face them, but we have two brave Miriams, namely, Adjt. Rioux and Ensign Mitchell, who have dared, in the strength of God, to accept the challenge. Their targets are, Montreal III., $130; Quebec, $110.

—:—

We now introduce Ensign and Mrs. McLean, who have been handling Montreal corps and district. Their target for MONTREAL I. is no less than $415, a good, rattling sum, I admit; but the Ensign accepts it cheerfully, and believes with the corps' united effort, the rallying together of the friends, it shall be accomplished.

—:—

Now we come to CORNWALL. Adjutant and Mrs. Taylor are old warriors of the Cross. Many a battle they have fought, and also had the honor of taking part in every S.-D. week. Sure, then, they know how to fix Cornwall so that they shall come in rejoicing with $155 as the result of their united efforts.

Elijah challenged the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal. Will you be bold enough to challenge Brockville, they are only $10 ahead, or will you be content to let Brockville carry off the palm?

—:—

Ensign McNamara is full of the war spirit, and believes in getting there every time. She holds the reins of BROCKVILLE corps. Her target is fixed at $165; quite a leap from $67 last year, but with steady aim and a bold start, every plan and scheme put into action, and the town well divided up, victory shall be achieved.

Last, but not least by any means amongst the District Headquarters' corps is OTTAWA, the Imperial City, where Ensign Coombs, the happy Irish Canadian, has the honor of leading on the forces to victory. Their target is fixed for $315. Montreal stands champion for the Province; Ottawa comes next, but unless they look well to their laurels they shall lose it, as there is a Highland Scotchman who is determined to take the second place. STAFF-CAPT. SHARP.

W. O. P. S.-D. SNAPS.

A CRUSADE AGAINST ALL SUPERFLUOUS EXPENSE AND INDULGENCE.

WE ARE NOW ON THE EVE OF SELF DENIAL The West Ontario Province did $2,300 in 1893. This year, the target is fixed for an advance on that amount of $1,300. This amount has been divided equally among each corps and district, and it now remains to be proved what will be accomplished. The P.R. is depending entirely upon the determined, persistent, and faithful efforts of his comrades, and the blessing of God, to knock the target all to pieces, and leave it a long way behind.

* * *

THE SECRET OF SELF-DENIAL success depends upon the amount of self-denial possessed. Your success, my comrade, will be measured by this. How much of this spirit will the thermometer of your soul register? It is no earthly use going into Self-Denial week with a grumbling, stingy, mean spirit, feeling that the task before you is hard and difficult, and next to impossible. Should you be touched with the slightest tinge of this kind of feeling, I beseech you to go to your own room and drag every bit of selfishness out before His Cross, hurl it down at His pierced, bleeding feet, and trust His precious blood to wash it away. Stay there, and look at the sacrifices He made during His life, the agonies He bore, the sufferings He suffered, and the self denying, painful death He died for you. Gaze upon His wounds, and sorrows, and shame, until you feel so mean and self-ashamed, that you can go and henceforth "glory in the Cross," and "count it all joy to suffer and sacrifice for Him, Who shunned not to "drink the bitter cup" to its dregs for you.

* * *

HAVING GOT THIS SPIRIT, you will then rejoice in putting the Kingdom first. No cross will be too heavy, no task too tigh, no gift too great, and no toil too laborious or prolonged. The fears that your corps will suffer if you do too much, will fly away; the doubts which bother you as to the future effects, will disappear, and with hopful heart, and cheerful countenance, you will do all in your power, and feel it a delight to get everyone else you can to join you in making this year's finances and spiritual results the greatest gain to the Kingdom, and the greatest glory to His name, of all efforts heretofore.

* * *

METHINKS I CAN SEE that soul thus blessed, sitting down to carefully ponder and plan how much they can give, how much they can get, how many friends at a distance they can influence by letter, how many people near they can call upon personally and plead with, how many meetings they can hold or attend, and how many hours they can put up with in solid sleep.

* * *

HAVING SETTLED IT before the Lord what can be done, having planned the programme in the most thorough style I see them lay that too at His feet, and in prayer and faith claim His blessing thereon; then with softened spirit, and tender soul stirred to its deepest depths with sympathy and compassion for every poor soul around, rush to rescue, fight in the fray, and triumph in the trial. Is this going to be your experience, my comrade? By God's grace it shall be mine.

* * *

THE COMMANDANT HAS PAID US another visit on behalf of the London Shelter. Mayor Essary did a good talk on the Army, and gave an excellent charge to the officers in charge. The Commandant made a splendid impression with his address on the Social Scheme. The prospect is bright.

* * *

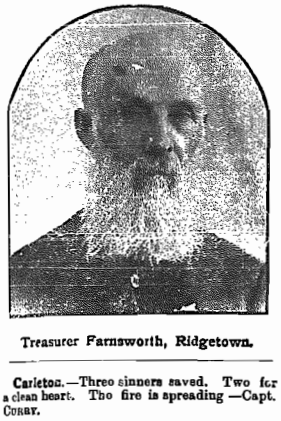
OFFICERS' AND SOLDIERS' COUNCILS of War are on the board. The Commandant is down to do Petrolea Sunday and Monday, November 18th and 19th.

* * *

CHATHAM IS TO FOLLOW ON the 20th. London is to have its turn on the 21st. It is for you, my dear comrades, at Strathroy, St. Thomas, St. Marys, and Ingersoll to come in for this full of faith and fire, if you please.

J. E. M.

Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted.—MATT. xxiii, 12.



Treasurer Farnsworth, Ridgetown.

Carleton.—Three sinners saved. Two for a clean heart. The fire is spreading.—Capt. CORRY.

Lippincott.—The last two weeks grand. Four souls. Red-letter day, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Jewer leading. Best marches and congregations yet. Finances best for two years. One soul. Five recruits enrolled.—Capt. EDGECOMBE.

London.—Since we have opened our new barracks we have not had any Sunday past without some conversions and souls saved nearly every night. Since September we we have had about seventy-five converts. Our brass band is going ahead.

Fortune, Nfld.—We were all so very glad to see the General. It was a time never to be forgotten. After three days on the boat we reached Fortune, sick, tired and hungry, and starting for a meeting after having something to eat. We went off, found a crowd of soldiers smiling happy, and had a good time. —ANNIE KEAN.

Perth.—One soul saved at holiness meeting. One of our comrades fished one out of the crowd in the afternoon, and got him on his knees. SELF-DENIAL is coming to the front. Next week we are expecting to have a visit from our beloved Brigadier, Father Scott; also the hallelujah giant—Adjt. Magee.—Capt. KENDALL, Lieut. HOLLYER.

If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me.—MATT. xix, 21.

Huntingdon.—Ensigns McLean and Fox, together with the Montreal band, came to our help. The oyster supper was fairly well patronized, and the music much appreciated. Sunday afternoon and night showed how much the people enjoyed good music, as the hall was well filled. The Ensigns dealt straightly with the people. Bandsmen testified, prayed, and pleaded, and two weary souls returned.—A. R., for Capt. MAIDMENT.

Renfrew.—Six comrades gave themselves fully up to God, and one unsaved sister got right. Two souls cried for pardon. Saturday night two more proved there is cleansing in the blood. Holiness meeting, one sister consecrated herself afresh. At night, wound up with three souls in the fountain. The barracks is to be closed this week so that it can be thoroughly repaired and cleaned, and when finished.—Lieut. NYLAND for Capt. BURROWS.

Lindsay.—Waging a good warfare. Four have come to the Cross. Just returned from a trip through the district. Capt. Halpany and Lieut. Mitchell said good-bye to Omemee. Several souls saved. Capt. Huxtable, from Fenelon Falls, takes hold here. Now, Captain, strike your SELF DENIAL target. The barracks at the Falls has just gone through a real cleaning time. Cadet-Captain Scobell takes charge. Capt. McClenaghan and her Lieutenant at Kinmount have departed for Tyrone. Capt. Wiseman takes the reins.—Ensign AYRE.

Prescott.—Salvationists, Methodists, and Brethren got warmed up in proper style. Some laughed, others cried, while one man walked the floor from pure joy. One dear old man down in the audience, with the tears running down his face, shouted out, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty," and it was so. At night, one soul came to the penitent-form.

Monday night, a real blood-and-fire soldiers' meeting, and although there has been shows, operas, and concerts on the devil's program, still our crowds have kept coming all week. One backslider came back to his Father's house. Prescott has some kind, whole-hearted, godly people. God is helping, too, in the sale of the WAR CRY, and teaches us to get in a word with the sinners.—Lieut. MICHEL and Capt. C. STATA.

Old Perlican.—We have had glorious victories in the past, and are still encouraged on the authority of God's blessed Word to expect greater victories than ever. Our motto is souls, and although we haven't seen any seeking pardon for a month, we are believing for a break soon. Capt. England has returned from council, bringing with her Cadet Tilley. On Sunday night, previous to their coming, the Lord manifested His mighty power to reclaim the wanderers. One backslider volunteered to lay her burden at the Cross.—A SOLDIER IN THE WAR.

Kingston District S.-D. Notes.—I have been feeling the pulse of the people in Kingston upon this glorious effort, and things look very encouraging. We expect our District will do its utmost.

KINGSTON'S target is fixed at $305. We mean to cover it.

GANANOQUE comes next with $75. Captain Davis and Lieutenant Pridmore will take no back seat, I am sure.

SUNBURY, with the braves, have their eye fixed on $60, and judging from their work in the past, will come out all O.K.

NAPANEE points at $62. Captain Holman and Lieutenant Mageo will shove on this effort with zeal and push.

ODESSA is to build a barracks, but will not run away from $40 for S.-D.—Ensign McGILLIVRAY.

Nanaimo.—Capt. Patton, who has been on the coast for about a year, and in Nanaimo for the past six months, is going on furlough to her home in Minneapolis. We had a farewell tea where many friends gathered. We welcomed our new leader, Captain Corlett. The band boys had proposed to give her a little surprise by meeting early and going to the quarters and playing a tune on the verandah, and leading from there to the open-air, but they were a little late, and met the up-to-time Captain on the way to the barracks. But nothing daunted the Captain was persuaded to returned to the quarters where the proposed tune was played, the march formed and away for the open-air. On Saturday night we had with us Mr. Williams, the Methodist evangelist. We went into the prayer meeting when a large dog, that in some way sneaked into the barracks, but as it is written, "For without are dogs," the animal was promptly ejected.—J. S.

Wesleyville.—This is a real little heaven below, and as you have never heard a word from it I thought that I would drop you a few lines. I have been in command just one week, and have had the privilege of increasing the recruits roll eighteen. The soldiers are a real blood and fire lot and make things hum. All we want now is new barracks. We have not got out of the land of old store houses yet, but deliverance is nigh. Crowds turned from the door. One soul in the fountain. The power of God had so taken hold of one dear brother that he could not stand it any longer so that he fell right down in the middle of the floor and began to cry out at the top of his voice and hammer the floor with his hands till he found deliverance. One Methodist brother said people could say what they like about the Army, but there are no meetings like them after all. Our Harvest Festival is over and we struck $2.25 over target.—Lieut. HAWKINS.

Kentville Circle.—Fighting with all our might. All the soldiers from Canning and Waterville came up to Kentville to see the dear General. After the train, with the General on board, steamed out of the station, the public were invited to a first-class dinner at the barracks. After the tables and dishes were cleared away we started out on a march twenty strong with three flags. Did we have a good time? you ask. Well, I should say so, with Father and Mother White, Sergt.-Major Borden and others from Waterville, we could not help having a good time. Singing choruses dancing, laughing, shouting and crying. The visiting soldiers went home singing. Our hearts have rejoiced over seeing a number seeking pardon, among them a dear sister who is very sick with typhoid fever, who cried for God to save her whilst being visited. Visits to the irregular forts have been blessed. At Medfort recently God came down with power. Three precious souls raised their hands for prayer. Our meetings at Scott's Bay, in the Advent Church, were times of power. A number were in tears. We are very grateful to the kind friends who entertained us and kindly lent their churches for our meetings, especially the friends of Medfort and Scott's Bay who has placed their churches at our disposal for future meetings, and also gave us a stirring invitation to come again.

WILLIAM GOTT, Nightwatchman,
Montreal "Lighthouse."

Charlottetown.—Arrived in a downpour of rain, but found a number of the comrades, nothing daunted, had assembled at the station to welcome us. Capt. Marney and I are delighted with Charlottetown. There are difficulties to be sure. The sinners here are surposed to be more hardened than in most places, but God is going to melt them. Crowds are splendid. Two out seeking pardon, and two claiming fresh liberty in Sunday's holiness meeting. The meetings are increasing. We are expecting a wonderful time. There are some grand old Patriarchs here. It does one good to listen to their testimonies. One has been saved sixty-six years, and in spite of living some distance from the barracks and of his age (being now towards a hundred), came to two meetings last Sunday, and sang a solo the Sunday before.—ETHEL GALT.

The Light Brigade.—Last report was from Cornwall. Sixteen boxes were given out in business houses. Adjutant and Mrs. Taylor very kind; good announcements and arrangements.

A drive of eighty miles through a French settlement brought us to MONTREAL.

Fifty-six miles of a rough road, then BEDFORD, Quebec. No instructions, no announcements. P. A. feels rather glum.

PERCEPTION reached. Capt. Meikle singing. Father and Mother Sergeant, kind.

KNOWLTON. Capt. McCutcheon, Lieut. Duncan walked down ten miles to be present. County fair on. We paid admission fee like men, walked in, took possession in the name of God. Three good meetings, big crowds, good collections, heart-conviction.

WATERLOO. Lively times in the open-air. Province of Quebec is the best place I know for open-air work.

SHERBROOKE next. Good time. Ensign Patterson, Capt. Hyde having victory. French people liberal and kind. Boxes run out, but G. B. M. will work all right in those places.

COATICOOKE, pretty little place; lovely barracks. Good open air meetings. Friends so kind. God bless them.

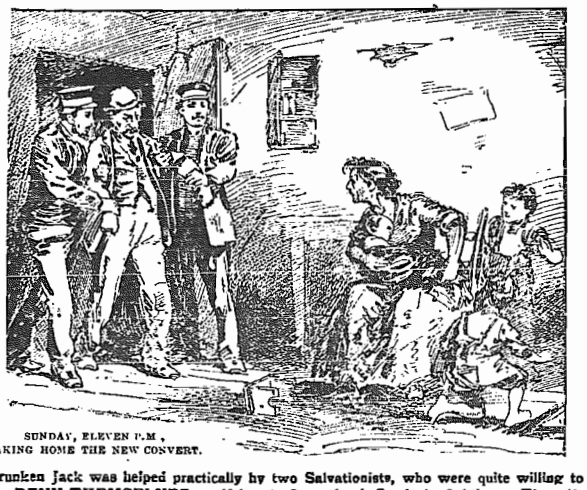
STANDSTEAD JUNCTION circle corps very scattered, but people interested and kind. Capt. Ayling appears to be boss of the show through the whole country side.

RICHMOND is one of the has-beens, but will rise again. Eighteen boxes out; people fine.

A drive of eighty miles to MONTREAL. Tremendous soul inspiring times. God glorified; city excited; officers and soldiers blessed; sympathy aroused; souls saved; devils devil defeated; General on the bridge. Three agents appointed. Money collected.

HUNTINGDON and POINT ST. CHARLES visited. Eighty miles through mud and drenching rain driven, here we are at CORNWALL again. Sergt. Mayn collected boxes. God bless him.

Thirty-six miles to CHESTERVILLE. Agent doing her best. The G. B. M. work is received with open hearts almost everywhere. A great triumphant future is before it if agents will do their duty and go forward to rescue the lost.—ADJUTANT T. S. MAGEE, P.S.



SUNDAY, ELEVEN P.M.,
TAKING HOME THE NEW CONVERT.

Drunken Jack was helped practically by two Salvationists, who were quite willing to DENY THEMSELVES needful rest after a hard Sunday's fighting. The wife will reap the benefit of SELF-DENIAL this time.

TUNE—*He pardoned a rebel like me.*

I'll sing of a river, the River of Life,
The city of God making glad,
Bringing power to the faint, giving calm in the strife,
And turning to gladness the sad.

CHORUS.

Life, life abundant, full, present, and free,
It will help you along,
Make the weakest one strong,
And its source is found, Jesus, in Thee.
Oh, how oft have I tried, but miserably failed,
To find rest apart from the Lord;
When earth's cisterns all broke, in despair my soul wailed,
Till I turned to this river of God.

Oh, thousands have drank of this life-giving stream,
Yes, thousands are quite satisfied;
It's flowing quite near, yes, its streams are right here,
Oh, plunge in the sin-cleansing tide.

ENSIGN FLORRIE FRITH.

TUNE—*Let the lower lights be burning*: or, *Have you any room for Jesus?* (B.J. 16)

Whither are you bound, my brother,
Burdened 'neath your load of sin?
Do you seek a place of refuge?
Come to Christ, He'll take you in.

CHORUS.

Come, oh, come away, my brother,
To the Light that shines for thee;
'Twas for you the Saviour suffered
On the cross of Calvary.

Have you heard the voice, my brother?
'Tis the voice that calms the sea;
Now He's calling, "Whosoever
Will believe, they shall be free."

Time is passing quickly, brother,
Soon your journey's end you'll see;
Death will shortly overtake you,
What will then your future be?

BANDSMAN G. W. H., Nanaimo, B. C.

QUERY.

Do you drink tea? If so, read this. Have you tried our Jubilee Blends? They are acknowledged to be among the best, for purity and flavor. Splendid value for your money. Can be had, either mixed or black, in the following qualities:

Quality No. 1—50 cents per pound.
" " 2—40 " " "
" " 3—30 " " "

Put up in Half-Pound and Pound Packages. Ask your officer or D.O. for it. If he doesn't keep it, write direct to the Trade Secretary, Toronto. Agents amongst Salvationists in all places where such are not already appointed.

THE MEANDERINGS OF THE TERRA NOVA PROPHET AND HIS SCHOOL

"Every Passenger Looked Like a Picture in a Ghost Story."

"ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP."

OFFICERS, who had been attending councils and hearing their beloved General, were on board the train, the others having left St. Johns a few days previously. The first lot to leave were sisters on board the "Grand Lake," the next being the eastern and northern officers on board the "Salvationist," Adjutant Smeeton and myself accompanying them with the "Glad Tidings" out to sea. We prayed and waved them a good-bye. Her white sails were hoisted, and the "Salvationist" looking a picture of beauty, glided from our side.

The "Glad Tidings" waited for a fair wind, and with Skipper Smeeton on board, left St. Johns harbor for the south.

Our fisheries have failed to a great extent. Few schooners have come in loaded, and few reported as successful. The Government has in the past came to their aid, and no doubt will do so again. All the spare hours this winter will be spent mending nets for next year. Some of the Green Bay fishermen have not known the like for forty years. But the harvest total will show the amount of sacrifice and effort this has cost the soldiers of Newfoundland.

Souls are reported all around. Battersville, a place where they ask for officers, they report 13; Exploits, 13; Carbonear, 8; and all over the cry is souls. We have our target set for souls, soldiers, candidates.

When Canada received those twenty officers, she got from Newfoundland thirty-five within the year. When I called for volunteers for Canada, every officer wrote saying they were willing to proceed at once.

Our party reached Exploits River at four in the morning—dark and raining—a new country. Very inviting was a log camp with a fire in the middle, with half a roof, no chair or table, just a log-hut 10x10, no door or windows, and everything blackened from the fire—but no invite. Our small steamer was anchored in the stream, and we walked around until six.

A friend put us on board amidst a very severe rain storm, increasing to a gale before the day had far advanced, and which drove a number of fishermen's crafts ashore. The river was as much as we could stand, and our captain thought it right to remain in Exploits' harbor for thirty hours instead of going out to be wrecked.

In Exploits, we had four meetings; three souls. Then most peculiar, our barracks was moved out of its place, by the storm, eighteen inches, and a list to one side of about two feet, making it look very queer indeed. But list or no list, dangerous or not dangerous, the people packed it afternoon and night.

Monday, we had to face the troubled waters, and no mistake, they were troubled. Our steamer danced to the wild waves singing and the north wind blowing. Our little boat of only about twenty tons twisted and manœuvred like a monkey in the Zoo. She did everything but turn upside down. The waves seemed determined to have her. Sometimes they flooded her decks, with some of us, who could not remain below, and pitched us about. I was so cold and sick, I sought the boiler-room, and held on for grim death. Sick! Every passenger looked like a picture in a ghost story. I could not bid the officers good-bye at Morton's Harbor, and they were only too glad to get on shore.

Ensign Gooby possibly could draw a better picture of me than I could myself, for if I looked any worse than he did, please refrain from drowning me in a pen and ink sketch.

A member of Parliament, or rather one aspiring to that honor, stood on deck wrapped up in two big coats, his teeth working like a weaving machine, and I could not really hold a limb still, and the others were just as bad.

I have before me now quite a journey by water; the dear Lord must help or else I will die for sure.; but someone must visit those corps, and I am only passing through a similar experience to what others would pass through. I am at my post, and must remain until my work is completed.

I am awaiting the arrival of the "Salvationist," which has been out in some of this terrible storm. We have had no news since she left Greenspond some days ago. The "Glad Tidings" would be out as well.

We are now enjoying batchelor's hall.

Come To-day!

Words by MAJOR MARSHALL. Music by Mr. LEVI S. GATES, Auxiliary Secretary, Buffalo, N. Y.

Tenderly.

1. Sin-ner, do you hear us cry: "Come to-day?" Sal-va-tion now is nigh! Come to-
2. We are glad there's hope for you, Come to-day! The Savior's words are true, Come to-

-day! If you have no oth-er friend, On the Christ you can de-
-day! If your sins you will for-sake, And com-plete sur-ren-der

-pend To save you to the end—Come to-day! From the world and all your past, Come to
make, You from Him can pardon take—Come to-day! And your life can dai-ly be, Come to-

-day! Yourself on Je-sus cast, Come to-day! From you all earth's baubles toss, As you
-day! From all of sin set free, Come to-day! Till you die—in His great might—You can

rit.

are, come to the Cross, Count-ing all things else but loss—Come to-day!
walk each hour in white, Joy-ful, spot-less in His sight—Come to-day!

CHORUS. *With expression.*

Come to-day! Don't de-lay! Don't de-lay! Come to-day! Come and

seek sal-va-tion now, while you may; If you are the ver-y worst on the

earth, by sin ac-curst, You can have sal-va-tion now, Come to-day!

FAINTED ON THE ROAD.

In the person of such needy creatures as these, our Lord Jesus appeals to you for help, even although it involves SELF-DENIAL.

JUST RECEIVED IN STOCK.

A QUANTITY OF NEW ARTICLES, AMONG THEM THE FOLLOWING:—

Latest Photos of the General. Cabinet. 25 cents each.

Latest Lithographs of the General at 20 cents each.

Illustrated Articles of War for Soldiers. Design and frame. Beautifully lithographed. 10 cents each.

A new quantity of Musical Salvationist Song Books. Words, without the music, of the first five volumes. 15 cents each.

"Salvation Soldier's Guide" at 35c., 55c. and 75c.

"Life of John Wesley." 40 cents.
"Life of Rev. Moffatt." 40 cents.
"Caughey's Sermons." $1 25.
"Life of Rev. Marston." 40 cents.
"Life of Rev. Kanson." 40 cents.

SOLDIERS! SOLDIERS!! SOLDIERS!!!

Now's Your Opportunity.

OVERCOATS AND ULSTERS.

We are in a position to supply Overcoats for Men, with and without capes, Women's Ulsters, long capes, in a great variety of material. We shall be glad to receive your order early.

MEN'S OVERCOATS, without capes, from $15 00 to $20 50; with long military cape, from $19.50 to $26 00.

WOMEN'S ULSTERS in Melton, Beaver cloth, Serges or Worsted, from $12.00 to $23 00.

SAMPLES and SELF-MEASUREMENT FORMS sent free on application, to any address in the Dominion. Please state what lines you desire.

We have now in stock a few sets of

Unbound "Musical Salvationists,"

Which we will sell at the following reduced rates:

One set of the 6th Volume, unbound, comprising all numbers from July, 1892, to June, 1893, inclusive—60 cents.
One set from July, 1893, to June, 1894, unbound—75 cents.
Both sets from July, 1891, to June, 1893, inclusive—$1 10.
About seventy back numbers or different months and years, not consecutively, at 5 cents each, or three for 10 cents, up to June, 1892.

☞ Please Note that this offer is only ☞ good as long as the stock will ☞ permit us to supply ☞

—§ORDER QUICKLY.§—

UNIFORM SUITS.

They are still in demand, cloth in all varieties asked for. Suits made up from $12.00 to $20.00. Pants from $3 75 to $7.00. Tunics from $8.25 to $13 00. Bandsmen's Uniforms a specialty.

A REAL GEM.

★ THE ★

SELF-DENIAL "CRY."

Be Sure You Get One.

NEWS OF THE WAR!

Current Items Boiled Down for Busy Readers.

Chesley—Soldiers on fire. Times of great power, deep conviction.—Capt. J. CRAWFORD, Lieut. L. HALEY.

Bay Roberts—Two for salvation and two for sanctification. The Major with us. We are all happy.—Capt. EBSARY.

He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.—MATT. x, 39.

Omemee.—Just taken charge. Twenty-one on march, including nine or ten converts. Two souls.—Capt. HUXTABLE.

Deseronto—Two precious souls at the Saviour's feet, making three since last report.—Capt. MOFFAT, Lieut. SPRIGGS.

Wallaceburg.—Two souls have left the ranks of sin and came to God. We are bent on victory.—Capt. DEAN, Lieut. PETTIT.

This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.—MATT. xvii, 21

St. Marys.—After saying good-bye to Dutton circle corps, and seeing a few souls at Eglo Brigade, I arrived here and found a few soldiers fighting.—Capt. MCDONALD.

Brussels—Christ is in Brussels. We have had a long fight, but God cheered our hearts by bringing one precious soul to the mercy-seat.—Capt. and Mrs. ROWE.

Stouffville.—Lieut. Douthwaite and I have arrived safe. Meetings good, but crowds small at both Stouffville and Markham. One soul at Markham on Sunday night.—Capt. S. TINNEY, Lieut. D. DOUTHWAITE

He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me.—MATT x, 38.

Edmonton.—Soldiers on fire for souls. Barracks full Sunday night. Capt. Isaacson dealt out straight truths to the sinner.—WM. PRICE, Sergt. Major.

Chatham, N. B.—Our first week here has been good. Four poor miserable backsliders have returned, and proved Jesus to heal their backslidings.—Capt. CLARK.

Emerson Circle Corps—One lady told us the other day that the people are "case-hardened," but we believe God can break up the cases.—Cadet SPENCER.

Orillia.—Gipsy giogle band. Capt. Staiger, who has been feeling the ill effect of over work, has gone home for a month's rest. Though Captain has gone we closed the week with nine souls.—Lieut. BARKER.

Moosomin.—New officers here. One backslider brought back. Sinners trembling. Juniors progressing under Lieut. Gardner. Six children testified. WAR CRYS all sold.—WM L. SLYTER

If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me.—MATT. xvi, 24

Berlin.—After five months' fighting in Brantford, I got ready for marching orders. My destiny was Berlin among the Germans. Sunday, beautiful meetings. Two precious souls.—Lieut. PYNN.

Pugwash, N. S.—Monday night a man knelt at our penitent-form, and God saved him He had for a long time been seeking. On Tuesday night a woman sought and found this Pearl so precious. May Pugwash yet blossom as a rose.—Capt. HAWKINS, Lieut. GOODWIN.

Newcastle, N.B.—We were pleased to have Miss Bartlett, the lady evangelist, lead the Sunday night meeting, and to notice her earnestness in pleading with the unsaved, but we had to close without seeing any visible results. Tuesday night one precious soul came to Jesus.—Secretary ANDERSON.

Moose Jaw.—Holiness meeting; some were crying, some were laughing, some were shouting, and one was dancing a jig. The Lord set some bound-down souls free. At our sing song, we had good singing, and a good collection to get some coal for the cold weather. One soul.—Capt. SCOTT, Lieut. KAMP

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.—MATT. vi, 2.

Seaforth.—Last Sunday, Capt. Mackenzie, of Goderich, with us all day. Real good crowds and splendid meetings. Presbyterian friends delighted. Ensign Maltby, who was away at Bayfield, returned Monday morning with news of one soul.—BEN. BRYAN.

Self-Denial is the means by which you may discover that love which regards your neighbor as yourself. It is the test which distinguishes mere cant from practical devotion.

—THE COMMANDANT.

Halifax I.—A sister volunteered right out while Ensign Gage was speaking from the Word. She has taken her place on the platform. Another soul out for a clean heart, and on Sunday, three souls; one, at one time, a field officer in the Salvation Army.

Clark's Harbor.—Capt. Pagb with us. The Lord blessed us at the holiness meeting. Two dear comrades laid their all on the altar. Brigadier Jacobs and Lieut. Smith with us. The soldiers met and marched to "La Tour" to welcome the Brigadier and Lieutenant, then marched to the house of Mr. J. Brewan, a real Army friend; had dinner together and a little meeting.

If Christians suffered in the interests of Christ's claims, and the claims of those about them a tithe what they do in the interests of their own, what an impression would be made on this unbelieving generation.

—THE COMMANDANT.

Morrisburg.—Special meeting; penny collection. Captain announced that she would "expose an unruly member." "I know who it is," one woman said, "it's the devil" "Oh, no, the devil isn't one of our members," Captain exclaimed. Quite a number attended the meeting, and there heard the TONGUE exposed as the unruly member. Sunday night, three young men held up their hands for prayer.—ETTIE WHITTEKER.

Kingston.—Smoke lifting, fire falling. Sonday, grand increase on the marches, also inside. Three souls at night. Testimonies ring with joy and gladness. Band doing well. A gentleman sent a request to play past his house a favorite piece, as he lay on his death-bed. A very nice note of thanks was sent. The General's visit was a great blessing to us. SELF DENIAL now the theme.—Ensign MCSILLIVRAY.

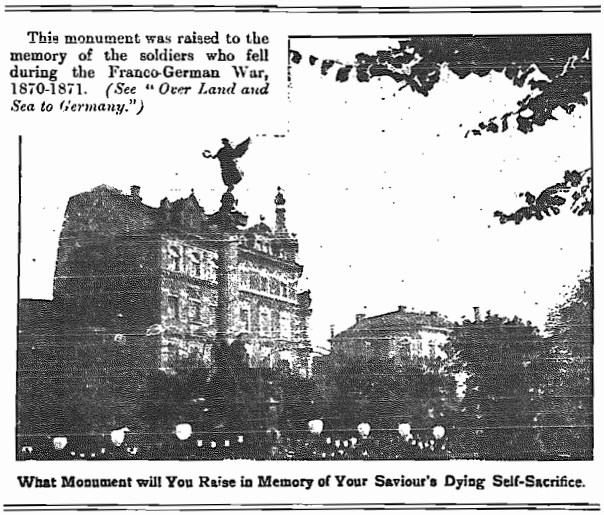
Do you love God?—This is the question. What kind of sacrifice do you make?—There is the answer.

—THE COMMANDANT.

Wesleyville.—We rejoice over souls. Sunday, large crowds. Building full in the afternoon and a crowd outside, but still they did not fail to help us in the offering, for after the collection had been taken inside the sister went outside of the door and got more from the crowd outside than inside. At night after some red-hot testimonies and lively singing I told the soldiers to let down their line for a big haul, and very soon the biggest one in the building was crying to God for pardon.—Lieut. HAWKINS.

Bridgewater, N. S.—Temperance meeting, hall full. Special Musical meeting, Brigadier Jacobs, Ensign Alward, Capt. and Mrs. Pelley, Lieut. Smith, and three Lunenburg soldiers present.—PEARL HAMM.

This monument was raised to the memory of the soldiers who fell during the Franco-German War, 1870-1871. *(See "Over Land and Sea to Germany.")*



What Monument will You Raise in Memory of Your Saviour's Dying Self-Sacrifice.

London.—Last week, six unhappy souls sought and found peace at the Cross. One poor fellow, who had once been in a good position in life, but through drink and sin had sunk low, had sought a night's lodging at the police-station, was run in for twenty days, repented of his sins, and on his release came to the meeting, confessed his backslidings, and Jesus forgave him.—Lieut. OTTAWAY.

Brantford.—Big farewell tea. The march was a rouser. Most of soldiers from Paris and Paris brass band, Capt. and Mrs. Wakefield, of Norwich; Capt. Vinstone, of Michigan. Captain said good-bye, after a faithful service of seven and a half months. He has had the pleasure of seeing over sixty souls, the majority are standing. He has begged enough bricks and mortar to repair the front of the barracks, beside cash. One sister volunteered. Welcomed Capt. and Mrs. and Cadet Richardson.—J. B. BEALL, S.C.

Self-Denial means giving something up that costs you something—surrendering something you like, taking up a special cross for a special occasion, doing it for God, and not taking a note of it when done, for which He is to be eternally indebted to you.

—THE COMMANDANT.

The man willing to rob himself of half-a-dozen nights' sleep to re-arrange his business, or re-invest his capital, and yet who would groan at the prospect of surrendering an extravagant meal in the interests of Christ's poor, is more an idolator than a Christian.

—THE COMMANDANT.

London.—After some years of fighting in that beautiful country, the Far West, we received orders for London, Out. Here we find a warm-hearted people who love the Army. Barracks packed at welcome meeting. Seven souls for the day. WAR CRYS all sold. *All the Worlds* were seized at once, one brother exclaiming "he was just dying for one."—Ensign LOWRY.

Neepawa.—Blessed week-end. Mrs. Read took Sampson's case, sitting in the prison with his eyes out, then his coming before the people and getting the power. Two candidates were found at the penitent-form. At three p.m., Mrs. Read spoke to a full house on Social Reform and the Children's Shelter, also the Food and Shelter about to be started in Winnipeg. A good collection was given for the Children's Shelter. Mrs. Read led a soldiers' council, also a candidates' meeting. One sister, who was deeply convicted, gave her heart to God at home on Monday.—Capt. HEWITT.

Capt Thomas, Victoria	175
" " "	150
Lieut. Sallie, St. John	77
Adjutant Archibald, Victoria	65
Sergt. Mrs. Lindley "	60
Lieut. A. Newell, Windsor	60
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John	60
" " "	60
Adjt. Archibald, Victoria	55
Sergt. Mrs. Lindley "	55
Capt. Prince, Springhill	53
Sister Litte, Victoria	50
Cadet. N. McNaney, Kingston	47
Sergt. M. Hersy "	36
Ethel Morrison, Windsor	33
" "	33
Capt. Stata, Prescott	31
Bro. Bromwell, Victoria	27
Maggie Holden, Windsor	27
" "	27
Sergt. Beardwell, Victoria	25
Lieut. A. Goodwin Pugwash	25
" "	25
Sister Stauber, Lindsay	20
Ensign Ayre, "	20
Sergt. Paderson, Victoria	20
Lieut. Slater, Lindsay	18
Susie Shannon, Amherst	16
Bessie Pelley, Windsor	15
" "	15
Emma Brown, Kingston	12
J. Hartwicke, Lindsay	10

Self-Denial is the key which unlocks the stoutest heart. we may resist those who talk to us; those who suffer for us are irresistible. We measure each other's love in the same way as we measure the value of each other's merchandise—by finding out how much it costs.

—THE COMMANDANT.

THANKS.

The Commissioner desires to gratefully acknowledge the following Gifts and Donations towards the Social Wing:

WINNIPEG RESCUE HOME.—Messrs. Connoly, Ferguson and Dagg meat; Mr Anderson, bread; Mr. Grist, fish; Mrs. Palmer, bread, eggs and butter; Grace Church social, cake and fruit; Miss Bradley, grapes; Mr. Tinling, potatoes and pickles; Mrs Coleman, ducks; Mrs. Munroe, bread; Mrs. Muggridge, sugar and butter; Mrs. Clark, sugar; Mr. Pulford, teapot; Mr McDonald, vegetables; Miss McPhee, cakes; Mrs. Anthony, cakes; A friend, dripping and fruit; Mrs. Girding and Mrs. Huston, Brandon, clothing; Friends, clothing; Miss M. French, 25c.; Sergt Wilkes, $3; A friend, 50c.; Capt. Shea, 20c.; Mrs. Carter, $1; Mr. Concleugh, 25c.; A. V. Thomas 50c.; Mrs Mullock, $5; Mr. Carter, $1; Miss Ormiston, 50c.; Mrs. Bagshaw, $1; Miss Colby, $1; Mrs. Price, $1; Mrs. Thornton, 50c.; Miss Phillips $1; Mr. Wolfe $2 50; Miss Fawcett, 25c; Boys at the barracks, $1; Mrs. Elliott, $1; Mrs. Holliday, 50c.

ST. JOHN, N. B., RESCUE HOME.—Bro. Armstrong, $1; Mrs. Rowles, $1; Mrs. Joe Bullock, a barrel of potatoes; G. Y. Dalzell, a tub of fish; Robinson Bros., fish; Mr. Vanwart, meat; A well-wisher, ——; Mrs. Belyea, tea, butter and apples; Mrs. Jameson, a jar of fruit; Mrs. Mitchell, cakes; Friends, half a barrel of flour; Dora Hogg $1 and food.

LONDON RESCUE HOME. City Grant, $30; Mr. Bowman, $5; P. J. Watt 25c.; Jas. Priddis, 25c.; W. T. Strong, 25c; A. Screaton, 50c.; Mr. Macbeth, $1; S. Screaton, $1; John Bowman, 5 c.; D. M. Cameron, 50c; R. R. Cowan, 50c; Wm. Wyatt, 25c.; Wm. Gurd, 25c; J. Love, 2 c.; Jas E Anderson, 25c.; Mr. Wright, 25c.; L. and J., 25c.; C. Graham, 25c; Dr. Argott, $1; Mrs. Beal, $1; S. Screaton, $1; Thos. M. How, $1; Mr. Scrambett, 50c.; Jas. McClary, 50c; John Bowman, 50c.; Miss Elliott, 50c.; R. R. Cowan, 50; D. M. Cameron, 50c; Wm. Wyatt 50c.; W. E Saunders, 85c.; Judge Elliott, 25c.; Mrs. Wortman, 25c.; Mrs. Shuff, 25c.; J. S. Pearce, 25c.; P. J. Watt, 25c.; J. P. Cook, 25c.; Miss Rougvie, $5; Mrs. Beacher, $1; Mrs. Mathison, $1; Mr Macbeth, $1; Mrs Macfie, 50c.; Mr. Davis, 50c.; Dr. Ferguson, 50c.; Frankie Calhoun, 25c.; C. W. Davis $1; Bell Organ Co., 50c.; J. Tanton, 50c.; Dr. Gardner, 25c.; Mrs. Graydon, 25c.; Mrs. McGee, $1; A. Screaton, 50c.; Mr. Cooper, 25c.; Miss Booth, 50c.; Friends, $3.30; Mr. Hunt, flour; W. Thompson, rolled oats; Mr. Scrambrett, sugar; Mr Summerville, groceries; T. McCormick, groceries; Mr. Mountjoy, fruit; Mr. Shuttleworth, fruit; Mr. Ross, peaches; Mrs. Palmer, a basket of tomatoes; Mr. Whale, grapes, bananas and peaches; Mr. Cannom, chickens; Mr. O'Mara, a chicken; Mr. McKenzie, butter and eggs; Messrs. Clark, McCormick and McDowell, butter; A friend, butter and eggs; Market friends, vegetables; Mr. Markham, milk; Mrs. Webber, twelve loaves of bread; Mr. Bonner, buns; Mr. Kent, cake and tarts; Miss A. Bradford, five-and-a-half dozen buns; Mr. Ackford, bag of apples; Miss Tupper, clothing; Two friends, clothing; Mr. Cotton, baking powder; Mayell & Co., one pound mustard; B. A. Mitchell, drugs; W. Gurd, 25c.

Woollen Underware for Winter

At the following prices—$1 00, $1.50, $1 80, $2 00 and $2 50 per suit.

Women's Underwear for winter at 50c., 75c, 90c, $1.00 and $1 25 per garment.

Guernseys for Men at $1.75, $2.00, $2 25 and $2 40 each.

Cardigan Jackets $4 50 each.

Cashmere Blouses at $1.75, $2.00 and $2 25 each.

He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

II. Cor. ix, 6.

EXTRAORDINARY MEETINGS ★ ★ **Toronto Special Holiness Campaign!**

7:45 EVERY FRIDAY EVENING AT THE JUBILEE HALL

THE COMMANDANT

Will Continue His Addresses on "REAL RELIGION."

MRS. BOOTH will Speak and Sing.

BRIGADIER HOLLAND and all Headquarters' Staff will be present, BRIGADIER de BARRITT and the Divisional Staff. Toronto Corps will unite.

Jesus Christ, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye, through His poverty, might be rich.

II. Cor. viii, 9.

SELF DENIAL

DECEMBER 1st to 8th.

SELF DENIAL

DECEMBER 1st to 8th.

Self is the monster which has usurped the throne of the heart. The sin of the world is the service of self, rather than the service of God and humanity. It is the little "I am," everlastingly in revolt against the great "I AM." To crucify self, therefore, is the grand aim of the Gospel.

—The Commandant.

ZION SHOUTINGS.

Tune—*Bringing in the sheaves.*

1 Forward to the battle,
Forward is our motto,
Fighting for King Jesus we will win the day;
In His strength we're fighting,
In the war delighting.
We shall gain the victory fighting for the Lord.

CHORUS.

Fighting for the Lord,
Fighting for the Lord,
We shall gain the victory trusting in His Word;
Fighting for the Lord,
Fighting for the Lord.
We shall gain the victory fighting for the Lord.

Though the devil rages,
And in war engages,
He can never harm us, Jesus is our Guide;
He will lead us onward.
He will lead us forward,
He will never leave us, keeping by our side.

When the fighting's over,
And He says, "Come higher,
I've a place prepared for the faithful in the skies;"
In His arms He'll bear us,
Angels, too, will lead us
To our home in heaven, where our treasure lies.

Bandsman Goodchild, St. Thomas.

Tune—*What a Friend we have in Jesus.* (B. J. 13, or 28.)

2 Sinner, see the wondrous message
That is beaming from the Cross;
Sinner, Jesus longs to save you
From the world, with all its dross.
Can you be so hard and faithless,
To reject His offered love?
Oh, remember, death is coming,
Soon you'll have to meet your God.

(Repeat four last lines of each verse for chorus.)

Sinner, now the time is fleeting,
Soon your day of grace will pass,
Don't put off your soul's salvation,
Or into hell you may be cast;
Sinner, Jesus died to save you,
Cruel death He died for thee,
Don't reject His offered mercies,
He can make the vilest clean.

Sinner, hear the voice of Jesus,
Dangers now beset your soul,
Oh, remember what He suffered
On the Cross to make you whole!
Sinner, Jesus lives to save you,
He can make your black heart clean,
He can cleanse you from all evil,
Make you all renewed within.

Robert Wray, Watford Corps.

Tune—*Old black Joe* (B. B. 47.

3 All round the world our Army marches on,
All round the world we'll shout our battle song;
All round the world we'll sing and shout and pray,
Till every sinner turns and seeks the narrow way.

CHORUS.

Keep fighting, keep fighting,
Till every sin-bound slave
We capture for our Saviour,
Who has died to save.

All round the world the nations they shall see,
Jesus can save and give us liberty;
All round the world we'll capture for our King
A mighty, glad, triumphant host, who'll join us and sing.

All round the world our battle-cry shall ring,
All round the world shall reign our Saviour-King;
All round the world shall sound our happy song,
And when our fighting days are o'er we'll hear "Well done."

Ensign Ayre.

Tune—*Shall we gather at the river?* (B.J. 21.)

4 Shall we gather at the river,
After all our cares have passed?
Shall we dwell with Christ for ever,
Safe from every stormy blast?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
Safe from every sin and care;
We shall dwell with Him for ever,
In that land so bright and fair.

Will the gates of heaven open
When our time to die has come?
Shall we hear our Saviour say then,
"Welcome, weary traveller, home"?

Then we'll see our blessed Saviour,
Listen to His loving voice,
Know that we have gained His favor,
For on earth He was our choice.

Cora Hannington, Calgary.

Tune—*Hold the fort; or, Death is coming.* (B B. 17.)

5 Oh, my comrades, come to Jesus,
He will cleanse you now—
Cleanse your heart from sin's pollution,
At His Cross now bow.

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, He will cleanse you,
Come, oh, come away;
While He's waiting to receive you,
Do not disobey.

I am coming, Lord, for cleansing,
Purge my sin away;
Hear my prayer while I am kneeling
At the Cross to-day.

Now I know the Saviour cleanses
All my soul from sin;
Strong am I to do God's service,
In the fight I'll win.

Lieut. Jno. Slater, Lindsay, Ont.

Tune—*Where is my wandering boy to-night?*

6 Poor weary soul, the Saviour waits
Your burden to remove,
And shield you from the power of sin
In His great arms of love.

CHORUS.

Oh, come to my Saviour now,
Oh, come to my Saviour now;
Behold He stands with outstretched hands,
Oh, come to my Saviour now.

He wore the thorny crown for you,
For you the nails were driven;
For you He bore the scoff and jeer,
For you His side was riven.

Behold Him on the accursed tree,
Behold His life's blood spilt;
"Look, sinner, look," He dies to free
Your precious soul from guilt.

Soon, oh, soon, your feet shall touch
Death's cold and chilling wave;
Then come and yield to Jesus now,
And prove His power to save.

Capt. J. Barr.

Tune—*This is why I love my Jesus.* (B.J. 104.)

7 I remember when a stranger,
I was wandering far from God,
Heeding not the blessed warning,
I had read in His own Word.

CHORUS.

But I'm glad I came to Jesus,
And He's set me fully free;
Oh, His love, His love so precious,
Shall it do the same for thee?

Though I wandered far from Jesus,
In forbidden paths of sin,
When I knelt and cried for mercy,
Bless His name He took me in.

All my joy is leading sinners
To the One Who died for them,
That they may be soul-winners
Through the blood of yonder Lamb.

Capt. W. Parsons.

SELF DENIAL

DECEMBER 1st to 8th.

SELF DENIAL

DECEMBER 1st to 8th.

How can we know the true inwardness of the Gospel of Peace, and do other than follow in the footsteps of Him Whose benevolent character was so emphatically attested by His murderers, when they exclaimed, "He saved others, Himself He CANNOT save?"

—The Commandant.